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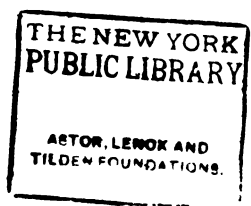
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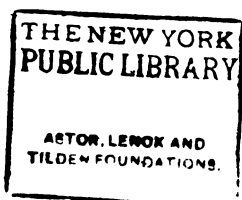
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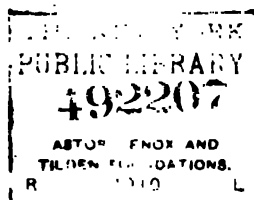
IN

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BY

HOMER H. STUART.

NEW YORK:
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1880.



THE SOUL.

" Animula, vagula, blandula,
" Hospes, comesque, corporis—
" Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?

HADRIAN.

Egypt was the land of symbols. Its speculations were tinged with mysticism, and took concrete forms in propositions having double meanings. A college of learned men monopolized knowledge, and recorded it in a secret alphabet.

The strange figures found near their temples, a couching lion with human head, embodied, perhaps, their emblem of Psychology and Physiology—a brute and higher nature united—a riddle, written in the ideograph of the Egyptian Priest and Philosopher—the Sphinx, the mystery of human existence.

It was an old question long before the Sphinx had been cut from the rock. The Rig Veda Hymns, hoary with antiquity while Sanscrit was a living tongue, show that man has been pondering upon the mystery of his being from the time of the earliest record of his thoughts. It was the question of questions—What am I? Where am I?

We find ourselves existing in a world consisting of substances called matter, which are acted upon by various forces. All the phenomena of the material world are conditions of matter occasioned by these forces. We distinguish matter, force and phenomena as separate things.

Our knowledge of matter is not of the most satisfactory kind, and metaphysicians have indulged in some very abstruse speculations on the subject.

A contact with matter originates certain impressions in our minds. We consider these impressions and form an opinion in regard to the object with which they are connected. The uniform sequence of the object and a certain impression

establishes their relationship; and the opinion which we form of the object, by inspecting the impression, is sufficiently correct for the ordinary purposes of life.

Reasoning from such information as our senses bring in, we conclude that matter has a property which we call extension, or resistance, or form. It is difficult to regard these three terms as expressing three distinct properties; for Form seems to be merely a condition of Extension, and Extension an inference drawn from observing that the points of resistance are continuous with each other. The absolute sensation is from resistance in the object; the other two properties are inferences and nothing more.

If we had more and different senses, we might obtain other classes of impressions, indicating other properties, and thus gain further knowledge, or at least have the means of forming a greater variety of inferences in regard to what matter actually is. The early voyagers, who set sail upon a chartless ocean and followed the sun to learn something of unknown lands, could gain a positive knowledge of the form of the earth and reconstruct their system of geography. But in our exploration of matter we seem to grope and puzzle over it. We approach it in the dark and coast along its shores, touching here and there to make discoveries. Its dim and misty outlines seem measureless in extent, and we attempt in vain to explore its interior.

By observing the phenomena which are occurring we become convinced that they are caused by certain agencies which we term Forces. Their behavior is uniform; always occasioning the same results, and their actions form the system which, for the sake of terminology, is called "The Laws of Matter."

Although we know nothing of these forces, except by inference from their effects, we regard them as separate agencies, or powers distinguishable from each other. Gravitation, Chemical Affinity, Life, are some of these forces. No one pretends to know all of the forces, or to know all the conduct of any one force. Of the forces themselves, separately from their effects, and as entities or energies, no idea whatever can be formed.

That they exist is an obvious fact, and it is equally certain that they are not the matter upon which they act, nor the condition or phenomena which their action produces. A falling body has a motion given to it by the force of gravitation; and this motion is the condition, and the force is the cause of the condition, and neither of them are the thing moved. In other words, force, motion and matter are distinct terms.

The earth is rushing forwards in its orbit with a speed exceeding sixteen miles a second, and has the tremendous momentum which such velocity gives to such a mass of matter. The force required to deflect the motion of this ponderous body from a rectilinear course, and curb it into a continuous circle, is perhaps within the range of mathematical calculation, but the figures which might express it would seem almost unmeaning, so enormous is the power which they denote. Immense as this force must be, we have no reason to conclude that it is greater than the force with which the atoms of the molecule cling to each other. The energy of the forces, whether acting upon cosmic bodies, or upon atoms, cannot be compared, and seems to be irresistible.

These forces have a complicated interaction with each other, and one is sometimes converted into another. This transformation is called "The Correlation of Forces."

These changes are so incomprehensible that some profound students have expressed a doubt whether the different forces were not different modes of action of some single potentialty or energy.

Heat, Light, Electricity and Magnetism can be changed into each other, or into motion; and motion reconverted into any of them. Gravitation and Heat seem very dissimilar forces; almost opposite in effect—one causing attraction and the other repulsion of atoms. Yet, when the motion of a falling body is suddenly stopped, heat manifests itself. Gravitation, which is the force causing the motion, becomes changed into another force, known as Heat; and it has been proved, by

actual experiment, that the Heat and the Gravitation form a precise equation—nothing is lost in the change.

The forces are probably coeval with matter, and they appear to be indestructible, and will doubtless continue to perform their agencies as long as matter shall exist.

They are the invisible, intangible, mysterious mechanism which produces the phenomena of the material world. They are contrived with such infinite wisdom and forethought that they accomplish the far-reaching purposes of their Great Maker by operations which seem to be independent of Him, and entirely automatic. The tremendous power and consummate regularity of these actions have led some men to believe that these forces were intelligences, or impulses, from an Almighty Being, indwelling in matter, and that matter was the body of Deity. This is the theology of Pantheism.

If our solar system was once, as some imagine it to have been, a nebulous mass, containing all the substances and energies which still remain there, it would seem to have possessed from the beginning full capacities for organizing that chaos, and forming it into the harmony of the spheres.

Matter and force are indestructible ; and if we admit that they contain within themselves the mechanism which has wrought out their present form of creation, and that they will survive the systems which they have evolved, then it is not absolutely incredible that these processes of alternate chaos and system, each of enormous duration, may be extended in a future beyond the limits of thought.

Pondering over such possibilities, we attempt with awe to conceive of the infinite power and wisdom of the Almighty Being who made this creation, and endowed it with capacity to produce its successors in an endless series.

It is true that we cannot comprehend how such a creation could contain within itself the power of reproduction. A tree has that capacity, and we witness the continued re-creation of trees, by their own acts, without distrust or wonder. Who understands this power, or the mechanism of its action ? A Solar

System and an Oak have no difference in size, or in duration, when compared with Infinity. It is as reasonable to believe that the one could produce its successor as that the other could. The thing in either case is incomprehensible, and it is idle to speculate about possibility of power when the postulate implies infinite power, or to disbelieve a thing because we cannot understand it.

Whether we regard the Forces as a peculiar order of matter, or as something more subtile in essence than any imaginable substance, they seem to form the connecting link between inert matter and some inscrutable power residing outside of matter.

Life is one of the forces, and the one most difficult to investigate; fugitive, intangible, and elusive, when pursued by inquiries. All we really know about it is that it causes the living thing to perform the functions which make it a living thing.

Some speculators have attempted to correlate it with the other forces; on a theory that by an adroit manipulation they could be made to do what life does—that a living being could be produced which had no ancestor, and was the offspring of a chemical experiment. There is no satisfactory evidence that any living thing has been made by such process, or that life can be correlated out of any other force, or that it is a compound of other forces acting in concrete or combination. It can exist in their presence, and while it exists it rules the atoms forming the living organism, overpowering the other forces and holding them in check, but not extinguishing them, or dissembling their identities and functions. If they regain their normal mastery, death ensues—in other words, Life retires and leaves them in control.

Instead of being a correlate of the other forces, Life is their antagonist, and resists them. It selects out of the common mass such atoms as it requires, and compels them to serve the purposes of the living thing. It relinquishes its hold upon them as soon as it has no further use for them, and they become

inert again. In other words, the original forces resume their control whenever the restraint which Life placed over them has been withdrawn.

All of the Forces, with the exception of Life, can be questioned by experiment. Chemistry is a compendium or statement of such experiments, and a description of their results. Mechanics, Astronomy, and nearly the whole round of Natural Philosophy or Physics, are propositions in regard to the actions of these Forces, and are inductions generalized from observations. Science is constantly advancing its frontier of knowledge, and giving out its discoveries for use in the arts. We have found how to employ these Forces, because we are able to examine their conduct under different conditions, and study them by various experiments.

Life will submit to no questioning. The other Forces hold the atom with steady grasp, and will not relinquish their clutch even when Life has taken the atom under its control. But Life seems to be an irregular, flickering Force—a temporary and transient master of matter. It baffles all experiment, whether made in the laboratory or the dissecting room.

No cunning mixture in crucible or alembic, which the withered Alchemist peered into, searching for the Elixir of Life; no instrumental use of the other forces; no keen hunt with microscope or electric battery, has captured the secret, or obtained even a glimpse of the mysterious mode of action of Life—the rarest and subtlest of the forces; the only one perhaps belonging to both realms—to the material universe and to the spiritual universe.

Every atom of matter composing the organization at the moment of death remains the same atom, but it has come under a new government. Life has abdicated its dominion, and the chemical forces have resumed their absolute sovereignty. It is the same identical atom, having lost nothing and gained nothing which we can detect. But its new condition is evident. Something has been withdrawn from it, and it was something extrinsic and foreign to it—in short, it was Life. In some of

its phenomena Life seems to possess a kind of intelligence. It is not a blind force, but appears almost to reason. If the other forces belong only to matter, Life would seem to occupy the border region between matter and spirit, and to be the connecting link.

But whatever resemblances there may be between Life and the other forces, or however much it may differ from them, Life is not mind, if we regard Life simply in its connection with matter, and as one of the forces acting in the material world. The acorn, the rhizopod, and man, each have Life; and when Life leaves them they become inert matter. Some of the chemical actions have resemblances to the operations of Life. Atoms discard their associates and form new connections, as if they had likes and dislikes. A loose mob arranges itself, with military precision, into rank and file as if by word of command, and the formations into which they muster themselves are always the same. But no one regards the seeming volition indicated in the process of crystalization as an action of mind; except in the sense that the force causing it is part of the mechanism created by Supreme Mind. The atoms that are hastening to form a crystal, or the crystal when formed, have nothing which can be called either mind or life. If mind can only exist in presence of, or connection with, life, we cannot claim that life is unable to exist without mind, unless we are prepared to assert that the acorn is a thinking being.

This brings us to the question whether mind is one of the Forces, kindred perhaps to life, but of higher degree; or whether it is an existing entity—something which is not matter, nor force, but is nevertheless a distinct thing.

In the remote times, when the Indo-European nations were one family, dwelling in the old Aryan homestead, and forming their speech, their words were not arbitrary signs of things, but contained a significant description of the object in the name given to it. In the oldest dialect of that language, *manu*, the word denoting man, signifies also thought, or mind.

This attribute seemed to distinguish him pre-eminently from other animals, and was chosen for his name.

The Keltic, Teutonic and Roman dialects of that language have retained the radical of this word, using it in one or the other of its original significations—as in the Welsh, *meddwr*; German, *mann*, and Latin, *mens*. We have separated it into the two words, man and mind, but their consonance is obvious. We can also see something like a similar process of nomenclature in the words *mens* and *manus*, the Roman name for hand—the most efficient bodily instrument of the mind.

Nearly every person will assent to the proposition that he is endowed with certain faculties, or capacities, which enable him to think, and he calls them his mind. This belief is older than the Hindu Bible—old as human thought. The evidence to sustain this belief is more direct and positive than any proofs which we have of the existence of matter; and it would be more reasonable to doubt the existence of ourselves than to doubt the existence of our minds—to doubt our consciousness. All our knowledge of matter rests upon secondary evidence, and is inferential. It is merely certain conclusions from certain impressions coming from certain sensations—an intricate chain between the object and subject. But our knowledge that mind exists is primary, direct and positive. It is an intuition, an act of consciousness, and therefore could not be strengthened by any conceivable auxiliary evidence. To question the fact would be a logical absurdity. An inquiry necessarily implies the existence of the inquirer; and a negation by the mind of its own existence is a metaphysical stultification of itself.

It is not within our present purpose to consider whether some of our fellow animals do not possess thinking faculties, differing from the human, perhaps, more in degree than kind; nor shall we here attempt to state the distinction between Reason and Instinct.

Of the fact that we have a mind we are absolutely certain; as much so as of our existence. *Cogito ergo sum*—thinking and being are inseparable. Assuming, then, as a self evident fact,

the existence of mind, is there any evidence whatever that it is a material body—some kind of matter?

The materialist claims that whatever exists is a material substance; and that Life and Intelligence are merely conditions of such existence.

It is probable that Life was not manifested in this planet until after the other forces had been in action for a long time. But whenever it came into existence it had a Creator. A thing cannot create itself. Whether we assume that the matter constituting our earth had inherent in it, at the time of its creation, properties which enabled it, by its own spontaneous processes, to evolve life; or whether we assume that life was a special act of creation deferred till the conditions of matter were suitable for its introduction; in either case the act of creating it was the act of something outside of itself, and implied a Creator—implied an existence anterior to the existence of the thing made. If we claim that it created itself, by virtue of certain capacities which it possessed, we explain nothing by such hypothesis. If the protoplasm could, by its own action, convert itself into the cell and begin the process of life, how could the atoms arrange themselves into the protoplasm, unless life existed before the protoplasm was formed—in other words, unless life was not matter, but was a force concomitant with matter, and created to serve a certain purpose by its action upon matter. Even if it should be conceded that life was inherent in matter from the beginning, and was one of its properties, then matter did not, by its own processes, make this property, but its creator was the Being who made matter, and at the same time made this particular property of matter. To say that intelligence or mind is nothing but matter, involves a contradiction of terms, and confounds definitions. It is possible for Omnipotence to have created matter with capacities for processes of thought. And it is possible, simply because Omnipotence has no limit to its power. The materialist claims that mind is nothing but a condition, a state of matter; in other words, that matter can think, reason, love, hate and feel remorse.

What is intelligence or mind? The universe of matter is governed by fixed laws. Mind involves volition, and acts by its own discretion. It reasons, foresees, elects, and is not an unchangeable mechanical cause, producing an unvarying conduct. Its actions seem to indicate that its nature or essence must have some kinship with the Being who created matter, rather than with matter itself.

The materialist will admit that he possesses a mind, or the capacity of thinking. The Great First Cause is a thinking Being. The order and system of His universe show that He must be a Thinking Being. Unless it is claimed that God is matter, there is no reason for claiming that thought is matter. If God is matter, then matter is God, and the only logical conclusion is, that we being matter, are God also. We must either admit that we are the Deity, and therefore, Eternal, or deny our existence entirely.

It is easier for the materialist to deny his own existence than to believe that his mind is a material body, acted upon mechanically by fixed laws; and that he has no power to reason or elect, but is driven forward by a blind necessity, like the force which drives a locomotive. His consciousness contradicts such a proposition.

We are not warranted in assuming the mind to be a material body, unless we can discover something in it which indicates that it is matter. All we know of matter is that certain properties are inseparable from it. We know of no matter which has not extension or form, and we say, therefore, that matter cannot exist without extension and form. If the mind has not extension and form, it lacks what it would have if it was a material substance. No one imagines that the mind is something which gravitation and the chemical, or other forces, can act upon; or that it has a single property in common with matter, or even analogous to it. Thought is a bodiless, formless entity; existing in apparent independence of the Physical Laws; moving at will throughout space, and to call it matter is a contradiction of our definition of mat-

ter. It is the same as saying, mind is matter because it is not matter.

It may be objected that we can know nothing of a thing which has no form or substance. We can know of the existence of a thing, or fact, which we cannot comprehend or understand. We know that the physical forces and Life exist, but we cannot comprehend them, in the sense of understanding why, and how, they can perform their functions. Or, to take a school boy illustration, we know that a certain decimal fraction will give us an endless succession of figures. We admit that we cannot comprehend an infinity of any kind, but we know that this succession will be an infinite series. We are positive of this fact, because our reason has become satisfied that this conclusion is a mathematical and absolutely logical certainty.

If mind is not a material thing, it must be a force, or something which is neither matter nor force—a spirit. If we attempt to include mind in the family of the Forces, we observe that it has no features of resemblance to any of them. Life seems most like it, but with mere physical life it has nothing in common.

Mind differs from the Forces in a most distinctive quality, separating them by an impassable frontier—it has *will*.

They are all blind, unreasoning necessities, doing their offices without haste or rest or weariness; grasping the atoms with a quiet but terrific energy which appalls the imagination. They work like some tremendous machinery, but all of their operations are involuntary. They do what they were made to do, and they do it because they have no power not to do it. They cannot think. They cannot will.

We are conscious that we can think, and that we have volition or will. The mind, therefore, is something unlike a mere force—something more than a force. The mind being neither matter nor force, and yet having an existence, must be a Spiritual being.

It is associated here with a physical body, by the intervention of the force called Life. The connection of this spiritual

being with this material body is absolutely incomprehensible. It does not depend upon any particular atoms of matter, for they come and go incessantly, like the drops of water which form the flowing stream. The Nile of the Pharaohs and of to-day seems to be the same river, changeless as the Pyramids; but it is only in appearance, nothing of it is the same, but mere form.

If we attempt to discover how the mind and body are connected, and how an object outside of us becomes an idea or causes an idea within our minds, we are completely baffled. We can inspect the apparatus, and imagine some of its processes. For instance, it is plain enough that the retina of the eye can have a minute picture upon it, cast there by the object at which the eye is looking; it is also plain enough that a little nerve goes from the retina back into a certain part of the brain; it is plain enough that other little nerves come to this place in the brain; it is plain enough that the brain is a soft substance, having no particular organization—a strange, semi-fluid mass of uninterpreted convolutions; and this nerve and brain matter can be cross-examined by the chemist and microscopist, and most of its constituents made known; yet what does all this inform us upon the subject matter of inquiry, as to *how* the object caused the idea? This seems to be the apparatus employed in the process; and we may talk about it as if it was some curious contrivance like a telegraph office, with wires and currents of electricity, but who has discovered how it works? Who can explain the incomprehensible mystery of the process by which a material object can give rise to an idea?

We can examine the apparatus, but we cannot see the Spiritual Being who uses it, and whose way, or *manner of using it*, we cannot by any scrutiny discover, or even conjecture.

Some writers, influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by the theories of the materialists, claim that every impression and idea originates some action and causes a change among the atoms forming the brain; either causes, or results, from such

change, and registers itself in the tissues permanently. They attempt to explain memory upon such an assumption, and treat the act of memory as if it consisted in looking at these prints of ideas in some repository where they were kept. Nothing discovered in the brain gives the slightest support to this theory.

It was a mere fancy, suggested by the double meaning of the word impression, as if it implied some physical action. Until we can see a thought, and watch the action of the brain while the thought is being originated, we can know nothing about the process. Even if we could see the whole operation, it would still remain incomprehensible—the *why*, the *how* unexplained and unknown.

All efforts to understand the connection of mind and brain are vain. All we know is that the mind exists, and has a connection with the body. *Hospes comesque*. This strange, mysterious Spiritual Being, the human mind, has its home, its gymnasium and workshop in the brain. The brain is its abiding place, but is not itself. It can regard its bodily companion objectively, and as something distinct and separate from itself; compare it with other external things; compel it to do its bidding; mutilate it, or even kill it.

It can withdraw its attention from external matters and busy itself about its own affairs, its subjectivity; notice messages brought in by the senses, or disregard them; look over its collection of ideas, and put them in order; by arranging together those that belong together, and classifying them—what is termed generalization.

It can search for some idea which has been mislaid in its memory. It can become a kind of deliberate assembly, and arrange opposite propositions against each other in order to come to some decision in regard to the matter in question. It can suspend its customary occupation, and direct its attention to itself—watch its association of ideas, its processes of thought—its machinery, so to speak; to discover how its faculties perform their functions, and whether such faculties are analogous to what in the body act as organs; whether reason, understand-

ing, memory and will are individual and distinct parts of the mind, appropriated to their particular functions, or are merely special actions of an indivisible and homogenous whole.

But no stretch of attention, no profound introspection, no process of thought, can give the mind any positive knowledge of its own subtle and mysterious nature. The eye cannot see itself, and the mind cannot perform its own autopsy. Its knowledge of itself is altogether inferential, indirect and secondary—mere theories, and if it pursues the inquiries, they lead into endless mazes of metaphysical speculations. This region of science is in the border land between matter and spirit; a shadowy, obscure realm, dividing the visible from the invisible universe. Nothing but death can carry us over that frontier, or raise the curtain which shuts out from us a view of the spiritual state of being.

Can the existence of this spiritual being be terminated? Is it mortal?

With the Greeks, Soul and Butterfly were expressed in the word Psyche. The dull, gross caterpillar, which had become transformed into a winged, aerial being, and rose into the sunshine, palpitating with a new life, suggested the metaphor expressed in the name. The figure of this creature was a favorite emblem upon their tombs.

Death is a term which denotes a mere negation. It means that Life has ceased. Life, in regard to the body, is a continuous movement of atoms of matter, which are brought into the organization, perform some service and are discharged. Life being the force which causes these operations, Death their cessation.

The body being composed of these atoms which are coming and going incessantly; each atom dies when it ceases to belong to the living organization, as absolutely as the whole body dies when Life ends. All the particular atoms which composed the body formerly have died and been replaced by their substitutes. The human body retains its form and identity, but changes every atom of matter which makes that form.

The process of life is a continuous death, and the end of life is the end of death.

Yet even as to the matter composing the body, there is no death in the sense of annihilation—nothingness. The atoms are not struck out of being. They merely change their condition of being, their relationship to each other as to juxtaposition, and remain in existence. The accurate knowledge of modern times has found that no existing thing, whether we call it matter or force, is ever annihilated.

The Physicist assumes the continuity of the existence of matter as an indisputable fact. That a thing can become nothing, or that nothing can become a thing, are alike unthinkable. All of the physical phenomena with which we are acquainted contradict such a proposition; and if we regard it as abstract metaphysical speculation it is an impossible conclusion.

But the changes in the substance composing the material body, which death introduces, furnishes no evidence that mind can die. They do not even offer that make-shift of proof which we term analogy. Death to the mind could mean nothing short of absolute annihilation.

If mind is an Existing Thing—a Spiritual Being—then the laws of Physics and of Logic forbid the possibility of its extinction—its becoming a nothing.

Its existence does not depend upon such conditions as life and death imply in regard to the body.

We cannot conceive it to be composed of spiritual atoms, which come into it, or go out of it in its process of being; and which, when it dies, are distributed back into some spiritual mass, so that death only implies the disintegration and release of these atoms, and then from such assumed analogy reason that spiritual death means not annihilation, but a mere change of condition in the spiritual atoms composing the mind. A spiritual atom is an inconceivable idea.

Even if we should admit that such a process was possible, and that there might be such a thing as a spiritual atom, it would not help the question. Such decomposition and disper-

sion of these spiritual atoms would be the death of the mind as evidently as an analogous process in the matter of the body is the death of the body.

The life of the mind is consciousness, and if it were composed of particles they would be particles of consciousness, a preposterous, unthinkable proposition.

Mind is thought. There is no evidence that thought is composed of spiritual atoms, or of anything having any resemblance, or even analogy to any material substance. The whole universe has probably no two creations so unlike as matter and mind.

No stretch of the imagination can conceive of a spiritual being subject to death—a being of rare, subtile, indescribable and almost inconceivable nature; formed without matter; subject to none of the physical laws; independent of time and space; having no need of senses; composed of nothing but faculties and capacities; ranging at will through the universe; with powers and attributes of which we can form no comprehension—what reason have we to suppose that such a being must die? Nothing else in all the universe ceases to be. This spiritual creature is the crowning act, the consummate flower; having an essence making it kindred in nature with Him who made it. A dim and faint resemblance—such as the finite might have to the infinite—differing beyond all comparison in degree, but not in kind, yet enough to show that it belonged to the great congregation of immortal spirits; created with power and attributes which fitted it to pass anywhere through the infinity of space and the infinity of time.

The continuity of our personal existence is a part of our consciousness. No other evidence of it is necessary or possible. With rare exceptions, no man in any condition of society, at any time, has doubted his continued identity—or that death was merely a change in his mode of existence. Some have fancied that this life was not their beginning, and that they had dim and vague reminiscences like dreams or shadows of a former life. The Hindoo framed this belief into his theology.

Wordsworth has given utterance to this mysterious consciousness of a former being in one of the most beautiful things in our language :

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar.”

This dream of a poet tempts one to indulge a moment in the train of speculations which it suggests. It is the utterance of an old popular belief in one of its shades or aspects.

The human family have always had a kind of vague, indistinct consciousness of the presence of spiritual beings. Sacred and Pagan history ; the Hebrew and the English Statute Laws ; all grades of culture, from the Congo negro to Chief Justice Hale ; men of all religions, and of no religion, have acknowledged a belief in the supernatural. It is the fashion now among a large class of educated men to regard such opinions as mere vagaries, or semi-lunacies.

But are we quite sure that this very old sentiment, or instinct, is an idle superstition, having nothing to support it but fireside tales of timid ignorance ? The testimony would settle any other question but this.

How can we assure ourselves that this strange feeling, which we call a presentiment, or nervousness, is not one of the unexplained processes of our complex nature ? The impressions originating these thoughts may be obtained through some germinal, undeveloped means of knowledge, which will hereafter become perfect organs, giving access to the things of the spiritual world, and performing such offices in that regard as our present senses discharge in our intercourse with matter.

There is a spiritual universe, and we inhabit it. It fills infinity. What it is, what may be its construction or cosmos, we cannot even conjecture. Its living beings may be about us, but we have no intercourse with them, and no sense of their presence—unless, perhaps, those indefinable impressions which we term superstition, may be a kind of imperfect intercourse.

We attempt in vain to form some idea of this invisible creation which prevades all space. We can guess that like the material world, it may have inert and active things analogous to what we term matter and force, but most unlike them in their essence; things infinite in variety, compound and complex in action. Conceive of a universe in which its substances, its matter, are Thoughts, and its forces the laws of Thought; strange, mysterious agencies outside of Thought, acting upon it in various but unchanging ways, and producing an endless system of intellectual phenomena.

In our present condition of existence we have some vague and uncertain theories concerning what we term the laws of thought. In metaphysics we build up our tentative and doubtful conclusions upon a pile of shifting postulates and reasons. In the exact sciences we climb, step by step, up a ladder of figures and calculations to reach a mathematical truth. We creep and cannot soar. Our faculties make questions incomprehensible to us, which may hereafter be clear and simple. Propose a problem in geometry or the calculus to a Chimpanzee and do not wonder that we cannot comprehend now questions which belong to our higher plane of being—nor doubt that we shall comprehend them hereafter.

In that other state of being we shall no longer depend upon our senses for information, but knowledge will be an intuition. All the properties and capacities and possibilities of matter and force will be known, without study or experiment, at a glance. The inner essence of these things; perhaps the inscrutable secret of their genesis will declare itself. We can pass from such subjects to a higher range of inquiry—to the laws governing a spiritual universe; right; the relations of motives and conduct; the mystery of free agency and fore-knowledge; of evil and pain—profound, far-reaching speculations. Now we grope blindly to understand propositions which seem to have a necessary existence, and which also seem to be flat contradictions—moral impossibilities. We wander in the mazes where such inquiries lead, and become lost in metaphysical bogs.

They will be plain and simple then ; the foundation of future knowledge ; an alphabet to the higher studies. Eternity will not exhaust or dull the interest of these employments. What we call now Intellectual Philosophy, will be the Physics in that course, opening to the higher range of thought—to the supreme science of Moral Philosophy, with God for Teacher.

It is probable that man in that state of his existence will develop his innate and ultimate capacities, and give significance to the declaration that he was made in the likeness of his Creator. We have no intimation that Angels have growth. As they were created so they remain—beautiful, powerful, glorious Beings, of changeless nature—“Sons of the Morning.” After them man was made, and from the beginning he has been an incomprehensible mystery to them. He was an intelligent being, and he was an immortal being. He was tried by temptation, which his Creator permitted. He was compelled to breathe an atmosphere poisoned with sin and evil, and he was doomed to suffer death. They pondered the question, why did God make him ?

To deepen the mystery surrounding man and his destiny, a greater wonder was presented to their observation. A Being of higher nature than even the archangels—The Son of God—became a man ; was tried by human temptations ; shared a human nature ; and died a human death. Sin and death are something which they could not understand. Christ’s part in the matter was the mystery of mysteries. Man has been God’s problem, and the Angels could not solve it. The lines of human events are not shot forth at random, but projected with profound purpose, under laws which belong to the Geometry of Ethics. They stretch beyond view into an undisclosed future. We see but little of them, and they seem to construct no relations and to have no meaning. Under the eye of the Supreme Being they are a finished diagram displayed upon the great vault of the ages, and standing out distinct before Him from the beginning. They demonstrate the hidden intent of this last act of creating *Will*. Hereafter we shall see this diagram.

What is to be the final destiny of a Being having such a genesis and history? Such a connection with the Supreme Being? God's relation to all other created beings—even to the Angels, is that of Sovereignty—but to man he has a closer relation, a kinship—and it is Fatherhood. Why may we not believe that hereafter, in the endless eons of eternity, this creature, so fallible and imperfect now, may rise higher than all others in the Heavenly Host, and stand nearest to The Supreme.

These are mere speculations now. The dull, gross prison-house of matter incarcerates us, and shuts out any view of that world. We live as if it had no existence, even in speculation. We shall know more of it in a short time, sooner than many expect.

Our journey through life may be in pleasant places, and with gay companions, sauntering and idling along, an epicurian philosophy, finding its highest enjoyment and its supreme good in its present employments. But for each of us is the same dark valley to be traversed alone, and at its end the fearful Spectre standing by the closed door. The trembling mortal has no choice, he must advance. A touch from that dreaded hand changes the whole universe like a flash of light. The mortal has become immortal, and this Spectre a kindly Angel, crowned with amaranth, who welcomes home this new Guest.

NOTE.—The writer has appropriated from others whatever suited his purpose, deeming the authorship of such matters so well known that a citation of authorities was unnecessary.

THE FAMILY OF ISAAC.

The life of Isaac is a remarkable biography. In the Bible gallery of portraits, this is a singular and peculiar face. His history gives us the life of a man who did not seem to belong to his times or his race. A son of the bold, energetic man who founded the family, dwelling in a border region where war was a normal condition of society, he never saw a field of battle, nor shed the blood of a human being. Polygamy was the custom of the world, and he remained a monogamist. There were great cities within easy reach, but he never visited them. He had no mishaps, or temptations, or adventures. His long life was a calm and gentle voyage on a summer sea.

He was born the heir to a great estate, which he was to share with no one. He gave himself no concern in regard to his wild and roving half-brother Ishmael. Abraham had settled that matter, and he was not a man who changed his purposes.

Isaac had no motives for exertion, and no opportunity. Abraham managed affairs autocratically, and was absolute in his household. Isaac enjoyed in a quiet way his extraordinary advantages. After the death of Abraham the family estate continued to accumulate. It grew by its own strength, as all great estates have a tendency to do. Isaac was a prudent and cautious owner, who directed operations which had received their force and momentum from his father. He was the son of a rich man, and he was neither a fool nor a prodigal.

We have such men among us now. They could not create an estate, but they know how to keep it. They never speculate or take risks. They gather where they have not sowed, and they carefully nurse their property. They are satisfied with the conditions of society, and opposed to excitements or changes. In politics they are conservatives and resist new measures with all the weight of their inertia. Wealth and

blameless habits give them social distinction, and they are "solid men." They build churches and head subscriptions for charities. We always place them on the platform when public meetings are held. They live a life of dignified and decorous self indulgence. If somewhat exigent in regard to their personal ease and comfort, they are valuable members of society.

Ishmael was the oldest son of Abraham, and his only son for about thirteen years. He overflowed with animal spirits, and was of the wild and untamable nature which characterize his descendants. Abraham was strongly attached to him, and perhaps a little blind to his faults. The boy was a noisy, mischievous, playful lad, whose pranks had been the amusement and worry of the family. The last of these exploits sent him adrift.

Shortly after the birth of Isaac, a festival was given to celebrate that event. It is in keeping with what is known of the relations that existed between the mothers of the two boys, to infer that Sarah apprised Ishmael of the significance of the thing in reference to himself, and of the wide difference between the son of the bondwoman and the true heir. It was a proceeding of peculiar interest to Ishmael, and not particularly gratifying. He had often before heard these allusions to his mother's condition. While Sarah was exhibiting, and exulting in this unexpected child of her old age, Ishmael was detected in the act of ridiculing her, and playing upon the name of Isaac, which signified in their language "laughter." Sarah resented this allusion to her incredulous laugh when told that she would become a mother in her old age. We can imagine with what malicious glee this lad flung out his insulting laugh—mimicking in it perhaps her voice. The jeering provocation incensed her beyond endurance, and she decided to settle matters with this troublesome boy in a summary way.

"Wherefore she said unto Abraham, cast out this bondwoman and her son; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac.

"And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son."

It was the second time that he had been made to discard Ishmael. He had a tender place in his heart for this bold and reckless child, who seemed to have no friends but the old patriarch and the bondwoman, his mother. Abraham was wise and prudent. Sarah had her way in the matter, and there was peace in the family.

The next mention of Isaac contains an intimation that human sacrifice was one of the religious rites in Abraham's time. The old man and his son go together to the mountain where this costly offering is to be made. The boy bears the wood, and the father the fire and the knife. Isaac asks but one question, and is content with the singular answer, vague to him, but fearfully precise and meaning to Abraham. When he was laid upon the altar and the knife was raised over him he understood the answer. But there was no resistance, no complaint, and no implorations. He was a passive victim.

Nothing further is said of him till the time of his marriage. He seems to have been an unemployed man, one of the family household. He took life easily, leaving Abraham to control the general interests of that great establishment, and Sarah to rule the domestic realm. We see him on the close of a certain day walking forth to meditate. He had something peculiarly interesting to occupy his fancy. It was the evening reverie of a bachelor who was about to become a married man, if Abraham's negotiations were successful in that regard. It was before the days of photographs, and he could speculate and imagine what he pleased. He was a middle-aged man, of very quiet and regular habits, and he was probably considering what kind of a woman his intended wife might be.

Abraham was a Chaldean of the elder empire. That remarkable people were a fusion of the four great ethnic families. Nations formed by the commingling of different races have a peculiar vitality and force which cause them to exert a predominant influence in the world. Rome and England are examples of such nationalities, and our country will probably be even more conspicuously a composite people and play a higher part than they, in future history.

Abraham was of the Aramaic or Semitic stem of the Chaldean trunk; and his house was an important and noble family, as their genealogy has been carefully preserved. He belonged to the pastoral section of the nation, and was not an inhabitant of cities, though familiar with their customs. In modern times he would have been a country gentleman of courtly manners. His wealth was in flocks and herds which fed on the plains on the eastern borders of Chaldea, along the foot hills of the mountains.

His marriage took place when he was about forty years old. Some years afterward this entire family—all the kindred of Abraham—removed northward. Their journey took them to the upper waters of the Euphratus. They drove their flocks and herds slowly along the plains, and with their servants and retainers, were a formidable host of emigrants. When they reached the region known as Padan Aran, in Upper Mesopotamia, on the frontiers of Armenia, they made a final halt. The place still bears the name of Haran, and it is not improbable this was a name given it by Abraham, in memory of his brother, who had died in Chaldea, and whose son Lot accompanied Abraham.

The wealth and power of this princely family continued to increase. Abraham, who was the boldest and most enterprising member of it, went with Lot still further from their original home and came at length to Hebron, or Mamre, in Southern Palestine. That was the end of the migration, and there he placed the family tomb, in testimony that this was his adopted country, and that his bones should rest there.

He became one of the great potentates of that region, a powerful Emir or Sheik, able to take the field at the head of an army, all of whom were his private servants, born in his household. He was regarded by his neighbors as a formidable man, and was envied, and courted, and feared. He might have matched his son with the proudest of the reigning families about him.

He had become an old man, and Isaac was forty years of

age. He deemed it a matter of necessity to make provision for the continuance of the family, and the transmission of its wealth and influence to some heir of his blood. He had recently heard of Rebecca, a daughter of one of his nephews residing at Haran, and that she was a very charming girl. He probably informed himself carefully in regard to her before deciding to select her for Isaac. She was of Chaldean origin, of the same princely stock which he wished to preserve.

His manner of managing this matrimonial affair illustrates the custom of the times, and the peculiar character of the man. In his great establishment there was probably more than one brisk young gallant who would have been delighted to go on such an embassy, and who might have seemed a more befitting and appropriate messenger, than the old steward or major-domo who was charged with this delicate negotiation. He was as old as his master; and this was something entirely outside of his experience and routine of duties. Abraham did not deem it prudent to entrust this matter to one of his young men, and it does not appear that he consulted Isaac on the subject, the person of all others who might be supposed to have a particular interest in the affair.

Elcazar seems to have found this novel undertaking a very embarrassing one, and he pondered and puzzled over it as he journeyed towards Armenia. At last he decided upon his plan of operations. One of the pleasantest pictures of the customs of those times is the account of his interview with Rebecca, and how the vicarious wooing was conducted. It presents a photographic view of domestic life in patriarchal days; in the region which was probably the earliest home of the human race. Distance dims and softens objects, and that period has hanging over it a kind of vague romance which belongs to the East, and the Past—to EOTHEM. We see the evening well, the flocks about it, the girls drawing water and gossiping with each other, the frank and innocent intercourse of a pastoral people. Partly from an indistinct tradition, but mostly from mere fancy, poets have given pictures of the primitive customs

and simple manners which belonged to what they termed the Golden Age.

Up to this time we know nothing of Rebecca. Her subsequent history shows that the Syrian damsel inherited much of the ability and energy of her Chaldean ancestry. She was a northern girl of southern parentage. A beautiful brunette, passionate, impulsive, and sharp witted. She had a very decided will.

Eleazar and her family had come to a definite arrangement, and nothing remained but to fix upon the day. The old servant was anxious to return home and finish his part of the transaction. He was urging with much formal politeness the necessity of naming an early day, and her family were fencing with him upon that point. She assumed the female prerogative in regard to that question, and came to his assistance by announcing her readiness to go immediately. She promptly mounted her camel, and Eleazar accomplished the purpose of his mission, doubtless to his great relief.

Bible names were always significant, often prophetic. In our language Rebecca would be "the Ensnarer." She was a country girl, but she belonged to a leading family, and she probably had the accomplishments which were appropriate to her station. She had been reared upon the hills and in the open air, and was full of life and spirit. She was also a kinswoman of Abraham, ambitious, daring and resolute; with the hot blood of Shinaar in her veins. What she willed to do, she never failed to attempt, and her keen wit and resolute purpose were rarely baffled or defeated. Centuries afterwards, when her children had won and lost an empire, and were subject to Rome, women like her, beautiful, wilful, determined, governed the kings and tetrarchs who ruled subjugated Judea.

Isaac and Rebecca were part of the great household of Abraham, and nothing is said of them during the first twenty years after their marriage. Their temperaments were most unlike, and they were complements of each other. He calm, gentle, averse to strife; she, keen, passionate and wily—a very charming woman, who knew how to manage her husband.

Abraham continued to increase in wealth and power. He was one of the great Sheiks of that region; who held intercourse like a sovereign with neighboring rulers, and whose stately bearing and courtly manners proclaimed him a natural nobleman. He ruled his household in a grand, patriarchal way, and was busied with important affairs, in which he asked no assistance and sought no advice. Isaac seems to have had nothing to do. He was merely one of Abraham's family; at liberty to amuse himself as he could, but not called upon to be useful.

For twenty years Isaac and Rebecca remained childless. He had reached the age of sixty years, and Abraham was more than one hundred and fifty years old. If the family should become extinct its great possessions would be scattered among strangers, and the purpose of his life defeated. He apparently began to distrust the promise that his line should be continued through Isaac, for he took other wives to himself, and old as he was, had other sons born to him.

At length Isaac and Rebecca become parents, and this seems to have settled the question with the old patriarch. He gave portions to these subsequent sons, these contingent heirs, and sent them into the eastern country to shift for themselves. They are probably the ancestors of the wandering Bedawin who still inhabit those regions. They were of the same blood which flowed in the veins of Ishmael, and they betook themselves to the same predatory life.

At length the long and busy career of the grand old man comes to an end. His two sons, Ishmael and Isaac, bury him. Isaac is an old man and Ishmael still older. He comes from the desert, a wild, swarthy Sheik, whose reckless, rollicking boyhood had matured into a restless and daring manhood—a roving robber in Syrio-Arabia; whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him.

This seems to have been the first time these brothers had met since the christening of Isaac. They were two strangely incongruous mourners—the calm, gentle Isaac, and the tameless Ishmael—the Quaker and the Bandit.

Ishmael, with all his faults, loved and revered Abraham, and with the exception of Abraham and his mother, loved no one. He scorned all peaceful occupations, and lived by his sword.

The two old men carried Abraham to his sepulchre, and this burial separated the only bond which connected them. The Arab chief returned to his desert, while Isaac quietly took possession of his great patrimony, and lived with as little contention as the times would permit. These two men could not have dwelt together. They were antipodes--as dissimilar as the green hills of Hebron on which the herds of Isaac fattened, to the hot shimmering sands over which the bands of Ishmael flitted.

Esau and Jacob were twin brothers, but they were as unlike as Isaac and Ishmael. The tinge of Arabia in the blood of Abraham, developed fully in Ishmael, showed its traces in Esau. Isaac had nothing of it, but his son Esau was half Arab.

The preference which parents exhibit in some cases seems very strange. Esau ought to have been his mother's favorite. He had her bold and self-reliant spirit. But parents quite frequently are attached to the child most unlike themselves.

Isaac was a quiet, ease-loving man; she, a scheming, active, managing woman; full of plans, bold and quick witted.

Jacob was a man of peace, but it was not the contented peace of Isaac. He was greedy and envious. He never resorted to violence to gain his object, but depended upon craft and imposition. It may have been this wiliness, this persistent thirst for property and position, which made him the favorite of Rebecca. The old narrative merely states the fact that he was her favorite, and does not explain it. This is the text: "And the boys grew, and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field: and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. And Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison. But Rebecca loved Jacob."

It is significant of Isaac's character that his dinners seem to have been important factors in his family relations. Rebecca

understood that matter. Modern society exhibits similar cases. Some men who figure upon platforms, and seem to be embodied benevolence and equanimity, have very decided opinions in regard to their table and other comforts.

We have only two or three passages in the life of Esau. But enough is told to give the prominent features of his character, and we can easily form a distinct portrait of the man. The biography of Jacob is complete. It is a finished picture, by a master hand.

Esau was a frank, generous, careless man, fond of dangerous sports, and with a breezy dash of manner, but by instinct a gentleman. Jacob, a crafty, plausible, thrifty man, who accomplished his principal successes by stratagem and deception. His name was significant, the Supplanter. He knew that his elder brother was heir to the estate, and he watched for an opportunity to displace him.

He was his mother's favorite, and had the benefit of her counsel and contrivance. We can imagine how frequently they discussed this matter, and the possible ways of setting aside the firstborn. It is not improbable that her keen wit suggested the contrivance by which Jacob obtained from Esau a release of this birthright. Esau often returned from his hunting expeditions in a famishing condition. This suggested a scheme to these plotters to inveigle him into a renunciation of the rights which primogeniture gave him.

On a certain occasion Jacob found his opportunity. It was in this wise :

“ And Jacob sod pottage, and Esau came from the field, and he was faint. And Esau said unto Jacob, Feed me I pray thee with that same pottage, for I am faint. * * *

“ Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright.

“ And Esau said, Behold I am at the point to die, and what profit will it do me ?

“ And Jacob said, Swear to me this day ; and he swore unto him, and he sold his birthright unto Jacob.

"Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils, and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way."

In those regions now, as it was then, hospitality, to a mere stranger, is a point of honor, yet Jacob exacted payment from a guest who was his twin brother. It was safer and cheaper to win it by contract than by violence. If he had suffered Esau to die of hunger, Isaac would have cursed him as his brother's murderer. It is very certain that neither Jacob nor Esau thought it to his interest to inform Isaac of this transaction; and they both left him to suppose that Esau was entitled to the rights of the oldest son.

Here was a difficulty which Rebecca and Jacob fully appreciated. It might make the sale ineffectual, and defeat its purpose. It was probably the subject of many consultations and contrivances. No possible plan could be devised. Rebecca in the meantime kept watch over Isaac and Esau, and listened at their interviews. At length she found a way, and it was a bold one. This quick witted and resolute woman improvised a crafty scheme of imposition, and performed it with consummate dexterity. It could not have been premeditated, and there was no time for rehearsal.

She heard Isaac send Esau forth to procure venison, and prepare a repast, and she surmised that Isaac intended then to bestow upon Esau the important benediction which would establish his pre-eminence in the family. She hastily explained to Jacob her plan of operations, and he was intimidated, and hesitated. If this audacious attempt to obtain the coveted blessing by false pretenses should be detected, it would involve the formidable penalties of a father's malediction. He wished, but did not dare. Rebecca was of sterner stuff. She silenced Jacob's objections by the brief adjuration, "Upon me be the curse, my son, only obey my voice."

He was willing that she should suffer in his behalf, and he proceeded to disguise himself so as to personate his brother. She prepared the outfit for this disguise, ransacking Esau's ap-

parel for materials. She hastily made ready some food, and sent Jacob with it to Isaac.

In that interview with his father, Jacob not only personated a lie, but to direct questions returned false answers. He lied to his blind father for the deliberate purpose of cheating his brother. When he had obtained this stolen thing, he hastened away, and hid himself. Rebecca was unterrified. She kept him under her wing.

There is no court in Christendom, or Heathendom, which would sustain a title won by such a trick; and in most countries, such a mode of obtaining property would send one to a penitentiary.

The return of Esau to his father, and his interview with him, is one of the most pathetic narratives in the Old Testament. No paraphrase of the language can be given without injury to the beautiful simplicity of the text:

“And it came to pass as soon as Isaac had made an end of blessing Jacob, and Jacob was yet scarce gone out of the presence of Isaac his father, that Esau his brother came in from his hunting. And he had made savory meat, and brought it in unto his father, and said unto his father, Let my father arise and eat of his son's venison, that thy soul may bless me.

“And Isaac his father said unto him, Who art thou?

“And he said, I am thy son, thy firstborn, Esau.

“And Isaac trembled very exceedingly and said, Who? Where is he that hath taken venison and brought to me, and I have eaten of all before thou camest, and have blessed him—Yea, and he shall be blessed. And when Esau heard these words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father. And he said, Thy brother came with subtlety, and hath taken away thy blessing. And he said, Is he not rightfully named Jacob, for he hath supplanted me these two times. He took away my birthright, and now he hath taken away my blessing. And he said, Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me? And Isaac answered and said, Behold, I have made him

thy Lord, and all of his brethren I have given to him for servants; and with corn and wine I have sustained him. And what shall I do unto thee, my son? And Esau said unto him, Had'st thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me also, even me, O my father. And Esau lifted up his voice and wept."

Shortly after this transaction Jacob left home to avoid Esau. His mother planned the thing, and by artful complaints about Esau's wife, induced Isaac to send Jacob to his relatives in Padan-Aran. It was a long journey. His arrival there and first interview with Rachel is a charming story. He met a beautiful girl at evening at the shepherd's well. It was the same well which his mother had so often described, and his cousin Rachel was like a dream of youth; more beautiful he thought than even his mother when she came on some such evening to that same well.

A love scene in Syria, or Spain, or England, is the same old story, the same melody in different words. Jacob and Rachel were at the time of life which is its season of blossoms—its brief holiday of romance. In his case it seems to have lasted several years. He became an inmate of her father's family, performing certain services, and the narrator says, with a kind of quaint and naive simplicity, and "they seemed to him but a few days, on account of the love he had for Rachel."

He remained with Laban twenty years, and his father-in-law seems to have been a sharp business man. It was a family trait. He imposed upon Jacob an unexpected wife, and changed his contract as to Jacob's wages ten times. He resorted to various expedients to gain an advantage, but Jacob was equal to him, and able to turn these contrivances against Laban, and use them for his own advantage. His wealth increased, and the family began to regard him as a secret enemy. Perhaps they had a superstitious dread, that in some underhanded manner, he would become, what his name imported, a supplanter.

During these twenty years nothing is said of Esau. He was probably one of the household of Isaac, the head of the Sept. At all events he lived within view of his mother, for his wives annoyed her. She probably expressed her opinion

in regard to them with some emphasis. She had the adroitness to make them the means of inducing Isaac to send Jacob to Padan-Aran.

"And Rebecca said to Isaac, I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth (Esau's wives); if Jacob takes a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as those which are the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?" A very old case of a common question, known now as the mother-in-law question.

The Turks have a proverb—"Eat and drink with your friends, but do no business with them." Jacob's business relations with his wives' family had become disagreeable, and he decided to break up the connection and return to the old home-
stead.

His mode of operations to accomplish this object, and secure his share of the property, was wary and cautious, giving him the appearance of being an absconding debtor. He removed all of his own property, and his wives succeeded in carrying away some of their father's choicest things. It was a critical time with Jacob. Laban was pursuing him with hue and cry, and the end of his flight was to be an encounter with Esau.

The meeting of these twin-brothers is another one of the Bible pictures; a vivid and picturesque presentation of these two men so dissimilar to each other. Jacob came like a self-accused culprit, humble, deprecatory, and obsequious; bringing gifts, imploring safety. Esau met him as if no clond had ever darkened their intercourse. He made no allusions to any wrongs. He opened his arms to him, and welcomed him home. He was a high-spirited, outspoken and generous man, the favorite son of his father. He never upbraided his mother for her conspiracy with Jacob against him. When he found that his marriage offended his parents, he made other alliances, and endeavored to mend matters by bringing home a wife taken from the kindred of his parents.

He had become a man of wealth and personal influence in his father's time. Though not the head of the house, he was a great Sheik, one of the leaders, or potentates, in that border

land, whose descendants, for more than fifteen centuries, held the fastnesses in Idumea, which Isaac, in his prophetic blessing, had given to his eldest son. The red porphyritic rocks gave the name of Edom to the mountains, and there the children of Esau dwelt, and cherished the memory of the wrong which Jacob had done to their ancestor. They were the inveterate enemies of the Jews, often beaten down, never subdued, and at length able to glut their vengeance in the sack of Jerusalem. Esau could forgive Jacob, but the children of Esau never forgot that the children of Jacob had stolen their heritage.

When these brothers met, both of them remembered the circumstances under which they parted. Jacob certainly did. But he misunderstood his brother's nature, and could not appreciate it. Esau would take nothing which belonged to Jacob, even when it was offered to him. He was incapable of meanness or deception. Isaac understood him. The quiet and ease-loving old man admired the active and adventurous qualities of Esau, perhaps the more because he had so little of them himself.

The biography of Rebecca is left unfinished. There is a full, and almost minute account, of the death of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; of Sarah and Rachel; even of Deborah, the waiting woman of Rebecca, who seems to have been a member of Jacob's household. The history of Rebecca ends with the account of her conspiracy against Esau. There is nothing to show when or where the keenest witted and most fascinating woman of patriarchal times terminated her career; and there is no mention of the place of her burial, except a remark of questionable authority attributed to Jacob when dying.

The lives and acts of men are the threads in the web of human events. The biography of this woman is a part of the history of her times; given for the purpose of history, and perhaps with a deeper purpose, which we leave to the conjecture of the reader.

Jacob is a perplexing subject for a layman. In the sacred writings he is represented as the favorite man of God. He had nearly all the qualities which, by common consent, are

condemned. The narrative makes no attempt to disguise or palliate them. It sets them forth in plain language, making no comment upon them, and applying no epithets to him. Such a man, in modern times, would be distrusted in business circles, and black-balled at the clubs. Indeed, he would be in danger of indictment for fraud.

Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, says that the lesson contained in Jacob's history is, that no man is by nature so prone to sin and evil that there is no hope of his conversion. In early life he had all the meaner qualities which vulgar prejudice for a long time associated with the name "Jew." He was guilty of what, among school boys is the unpardonable offence—he was a liar. He was such a man as we horsewhip, deeming him unworthy of a more dignified chastisement. And yet he became an honorable man. Even the calm and self-governed Isaac, whose life had no slip or mishap, and whose passions never got the mastery over him, had not a more peaceful, pious deathbed than Jacob. Of the three Patriarchs who head the Hebrew Church, and who are revered throughout Christendom, and even among Mahometans, Jacob is not the least.

His funeral was a remarkable spectacle. Egypt was one of the great empires of the East, having an old and ripe civilization. Its forms of worship, and its funeral ceremonies, were elaborate and imposing. Its tombs were pyramids—or mountains honeycombed with labyrinths. It was a land of sepulchres—a thanatopolis. The great event of life, was death; the most imposing ceremony, a funeral; the most costly home, a tomb.

Joseph was second only to Pharaoh. He was the great prophet before whom the priests and magicians bowed in reverence, and whose supernatural forecast had warded off a fatal national calamity. The court and the people delighted to honor him. The death of his father furnished a suitable opportunity for an ovation to Joseph, and one in keeping with the genius and tastes of that singular nation.

The body was embalmed, and probably placed in a costly sarcophagus to be the prominent object in the solemn pomp of the obsequies. All the preparations for burial were according

to forms traditional with the priests, and when they were completed, Egypt make it a national funeral.

"All the servants and officers of Pharaoh's house," "all the Elders of Egypt," all of Jacob's family, except children, and in addition, horsemen and chariots, described in the narrative "as a great company," attended and united in these ceremonies. "The horsemen and chariots" were probably detailed from the regular army to secure the safety of this body of men, who comprised all of the official functionaries and distinguished civilians of Egypt.

The vast cortege commenced its slow and solemn march into Palestine. A long procession of venerable men—"all the Elders of Egypt"; the household officers of the king; the colleges of priests, in robes emblazoned with mystical emblems; the ponderous car and sarcophagus, decorated with funeral insignia; behind it the Hebrews. Upon the flanks the Egyptian army covered the march, and in this manner the great procession passed over the border, and took its way into what was a foreign, and oftentimes, hostile country.

A most singular spectacle—that vast concourse of old men; that long column of priests, arrayed in those strange dresses covered with riddles of mysterious letters and figures, and bearing images of their divinities, and banners displaying hieroglyphic designs. Although an army accompanied it, the sad, wailing music announced to the inhabitants that this was no hostile invasion.

At length they arrived at the cemetery of the Patriarchs, and there they all remained seven days, performing the rites of an Egyptian funeral. The inhabitants gathered about this place, and gazed with wonder upon these singular strangers and these mysterious ceremonies—this protracted funeral. The place was afterward known as Abel Misraim, or the Mourning of the Egyptians. At the close of the Egyptian rites, the Hebrews deposited the body in the family vault at Manre.

And such was the manner of Jacob's burial. No other Patriarch had similar honor. His checkered life, so often obscured by clouds of sin, had a gorgeous sunset.

SAUL, THE KING OF THE HEBREWS.

About four hundred years after the death of Abraham, the Hebrews invaded Palestine. At some remote period, long before that time, the Phœnecians had formed settlements along the coast of that country.

History gives us only tantalizing glimpses of that mysterious people. They conquered by commerce, as Rome afterwards did by arms; and they held the sovereignty of the seas until the latter days of the Roman Republic. It was an empire, such as Bonaparte at Austerlitz, longed to obtain—an empire founded upon “ships, colonies and commerce.”

Along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean they had established trading posts, which had grown into cities. In the earliest dawn of Greek civilization, and while Rome was a primeval forest, Tyre was an ancient and renowned city, the commercial metropolis of that great inland sea. Its ships traversed every ocean, and its merchants traded with the remotest regions. It rivaled in wealth and refinement and luxury the great cities upon the Euphrates and Nile.

The origin of this people is a matter of some uncertainty. It is commonly believed that they came from the country bordering upon the Arabian and Indian Seas, and were Cushites. Civilization began with this branch of the human family. The phonetic alphabet, numerals, and most of the arts and sciences, originated there. Recent discoveries of archaic writing, exhumed in the lower basin of Mesopotamia, are giving us some of the annals, or at least some of the traditions, relating to that great empire or race. For many centuries they were the foremost people of their time. Then for nearly four thousand years all record of them seemed to be lost. What the

Romans failed to find and destroy, perished when Amrou burnt the libraries in Egypt. But the clay tablets, buried and forgotten in the plains where the cities of this people formerly stood, are giving us fragments of history which seemed to have been utterly lost. We may hereafter know more of this prehistoric period than we know of Greece or Rome.

The western section of Palestine belonged to the Phœnicians. The inhabitants of the interior are termed in the Scripture, Philistines.

Of whatever race they might have been, their near vicinity to the Phœnician cities, and their long intercourse with this superior civilization, had given them a marked advantage over the Hebrews. They had fortified cities, iron war chariots, complete suits of armor, and the various weapons used in those times. Tyre and Sidon supplied them with luxuries brought from Babylon and Memphis, and were marts for the sale of their products; the fruit of the fields and flocks, of the forest and mines. The country fed the cities, and formed a kind of suburb to them; sharing, in some degree, the opinions, superstitions and intelligence of those cities.

The inhabitants of the central part of Palestine were a martial people. The country was a range of mountains and natural strongholds. The struggle to gain it, and to defend it, continued with varying fortunes for many centuries. In the plains, the chariots prevailed, but in the hills, the athletic vigor of the Hebrews gave them the victory. They came of a race whose muscles had been hardened in the brickyards of Egypt, and who inherited the robust strength gained from generations of laborers. This physical power was intensified by an eager purpose; for the Hebrew was fighting for the Promised Land.

Step by step, and battle by battle, they forced themselves into the country, till the hostile races had become almost intermingled, and the warfare was like an internecine warfare, covering the entire land. There were temporary truces, and sudden outbreaks. Sometimes the Hebrews seemed to be subdued, but they could not be expelled.

The extreme difference in the political and religious institutions of these enemies envenomed the strife. The Philistines seem to have adopted the form of government which the Phœnicians had introduced, and they were confederacies of independent cities. They had hereditary orders of nobles and princes. Their religion was a pantheism, which the Greeks and Romans copied with little more than a change of name. They were a gay, luxurious, spirited race. There is a kind of fascination in such qualities. Their poetic superstitions, and the blandishments of their customs, often proved to be more formidable than arms. Their divinities were only the human passions personified and exaggerated; some of these are most winning and seductive. Painting, Sculpture and Poetry have exhausted themselves in ideals of such Divinities.

The Hebrews had none of the arts, or polish, of civilization. They were monotheists. They made no image of God, and hesitated to write or speak His name. They had no hereditary rulers, and no national government. Their laws were statutes regulating their personal relations, and prescribing their religious observances. Statutes not made by the people, or with their assent, but coming down to them as Divine commands. They were a church, rather than a state. Their King was God. They fought to gain a country, for they had been aliens and bondsmen four hundred years. It was the long promised land, and their banner was "God with us." It was a long war, bequeathed from generation to generation. The grim, determined Hebrew and the gay and dashing Philistine encountered each other year after year, and became intermixed in all Palestine, and never at peace, except for some mere truce.

The forces which came to the aid of Troy were drawn from regions contiguous to Palestine. If not Phœnician, they had much in common with the Phœnician communities. It was about the time of the Hebrew invasion. Homer has given us some vivid pictures of these men, and their arms and mode of life. He was describing the men whom the Hebrew Scriptures

describe under the general name of Philistines. The two pictures are from two standpoints. One is a Hebrew view, the other Greek—both enemies.

History has no other account of such a struggle to conquer any country. Four hundred years of fighting in a little strip of land scarcely larger than Vermont. It does not require many generations of men, living under such conditions, to develop the rough and daring qualities which characterize border men and bushwhackers. They were without commerce, and with few of the arts. They rarely dwelt in cities. They subsisted upon their flocks and herds, and upon precarious harvests, gathered in the valleys, and not unfrequently abandoned to their enemies. They had no temples, and they scarcely had a form of government. They acknowledged no hereditary rulers. Bold and audacious men from time to time became leaders, and acted as magistrates.

It was a state of society but little removed from anarchy. Courage and physical qualities secured a following. A leader might raise himself into power if he had daring and strength, which could capture the popular mind in times of violence and danger. The enemy was always near by. Every man took his life in his hand, and depended upon force or craft. Raids and ambushes, personal encounters and hairbreadth escapes, happened constantly, for it was a border war, exasperated by hereditary injuries and wrongs. And this had lasted so long that it seemed to be the normal condition of society in Palestine.

Of the twelve Hebrew tribes, the most remarkable for turbulence, waywardness and recklessness, was Benjamin. On a notable occasion this small tribe defied the whole eleven. It refused to surrender certain ruffians who had fled to it for shelter. For three days it resisted the whole military force of the other tribes with a kind of desperation. When the resistance was overcome, the tribe was almost extinguished. A few men had escaped into the mountains, and they were the sole survivors, for all the women and children had been massacred.

To prevent the utter extinction of one of the Hebrew tribes, permission was given to these Benjaminites to get themselves wives from the Philistines, or Phœnicians. The courtship and wooing were of a very summary and decisive character, quite in keeping with the temper and habits of these men. They watched and waited for an opportunity to make a seizure by main force. At length, when one of the semi-religious festivals of the Philistines had brought together a concourse of women, and a band of damsels were having an outdoor dancing party, a raid was made upon them, and they were swept away somewhat in the Roman fashion, when the Romans captured the Sabine virgins. From such an ancestry came the restored tribe of Benjamin, and of this lineage was the first Hebrew king.

Saul was a representative man—not merely of the Hebrews, but of his particular Sept or tribe. When selected by Samuel, he was a young man, probably the youngest of his family. The narrative gives us nothing of his history up to the time when he went forth to search for his father's asses—it merely says, "He was a choice young man." It indirectly gives an insight to his family relations. He was an affectionate son, for he feared that his prolonged absence would give anxiety at home. He thought that property was not valuable enough to be purchased at such a price. A robust boy, full of animal spirits, and a leader in all youthful sports and adventures, he cherished a tender regard for the feelings of his father, and gave him a willing and dutiful obedience.

His mode of life till middle age is matter of inference. He was a herdsman; a man of gigantic stature and intrepid courage. Life in the hills was full of danger. The lion made night raids upon his charge, and by day the Amalekite and Philistines hovered about him. It was a time of raids, incursions and personal encounters; an endless border warfare. The region was full of insecurity, sudden peril and deadly strife. He was reared under such conditions, and he was peculiarly qualified for them. He was a daring man, of imposing presence

and great athletic power; a natural leader and king of a rude and warlike people.

Dynasties usually begin with such men. The origin and foundation of authority is force; and some successful military commander becomes a monarch. For a long period, in the history of the world, titles have dated back to some conquest, and the charter deed was a battlefield. Warcraft wins, and statecraft keeps. The old families in Europe hold by such title.

Saul was a Hebrew of a peculiar strain. He was a true son of the wayward, reckless house of Benjamin—a man of singular idiosyncrasy—fearless, moody, dreamy; capable of the highest efforts, and subject to great mental depression. There was a tinge of insanity in his nature. He had the strong passions which belong to a perfect animal organization; and he was utterly fearless. But he was not cruel, and he never shed blood in mere wantonness.

He shrank from the stern command to exterminate every living creature belonging to a conquered enemy, and this act of disobedience cost him his kingdom.

The history of his reign is given in a series of detached and sketchy incidents. The book of Samuel and the Illiad may be read together, for they are merely cotemporaneous accounts of men and customs, and the state of society along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and Egean. They deal with nearly the same things—describe battles, personal combats by champions in front of armies, vows and sacrifices offered and oracles invoked for supernatural aid. Both are word paintings of events closely connected in time and place, and having much in common. Saul, Jonathan and David stand before us more distinctly than the persons who fought under the walls of Troy. There is more poetry and romance in the simple prose of the Hebrew narrative than in the Greek poem. Hector, Eneas and Achilles are dubious, half imaginary persons—myths and shadows. The faces in the Old Testament gallery seem to be photographs; fancy had nothing to do with them. Actual

men sat for these portraits; and the story of their lives is more remarkable than any tales of fiction. They include the greatest extremes of human condition, and give us the whole spectrum of human passions.

Saul was a young man, and in the service of his father, when he received from Samuel a commission to become the King of the Hebrews. The communication was made in private, and Saul seems to have concealed it from his family, and from the public. He continued his accustomed employments, and spent his time in the hills with his herds. He made no effort to attract attention, or to secure this extraordinary prize.

We have no means of knowing how many years passed while he remained in this obscure position, or what thoughts and plans occupied the mind of this man in his solitary employment. At length an event happened which changed his after life. The Phœnicians or Philistines made one of their raids in his neighborhood, and he came to the front. He assembled a force, took command, and gave battle. The gigantic herdsman seemed to his people to be their natural leader, and they followed him, not knowing that he had a divine commission. They had probably long known him as one of the most powerful and intrepid of the hill men. It was the beginning of his reign. Saul was king *de facto* at the close of that battle.

He fought many battles during his long and stormy career. In these battles he encountered men like those who were fighting at that time about Troy. His western enemy was the Phœnician, who put into the field all the machinery of war known to their time. Their battle array was an imposing spectacle. They covered the plains with long fronts of iron chariots. Clouds of cavalry hovered about, watching their opportunity. Deep masses of spearmen were drawn up, and stood like a forest of iron. The ranks blazed with armor, as if the great mass was in flames. All was moved as if it was one body. A single will governed this great human machine, invented for conquest, a disciplined army.

Saul had become established as king, and his reign was a kind of military authority. His spear was always at head, and seemed a very appropriate sceptre. He had gathered about him a standing army of veterans. The administration of civil affairs seems to have occupied but little of his attention. He was the commander of his army, and his reign was a long series of wars with the hereditary enemies of his people. The Hebrews had accepted him as king. He was at the head of his nation.

Saul paid the penalty usually exacted for such elevation. He exchanged the careless freedom of a life in the hills for anxiety, distrust, and perplexity. He was harassed by suspicions which fretted him, because they had no tangible shape. They were enemies with whom he could not grapple as he had been used to do with the lion or the Philistine. He was chafed by invisible restraints, which his natural daring and recklessness made more unbearable. Saul was king, but he felt that he had a master.

He was watched by a stern old man, who seems to have regarded him as a pupil or subordinate. Samuel had the peculiar qualities which have usually characterized the union of civil with ecclesiastical authority. He had been a priest all his life, and for a long period was an actual sovereign, exercising all the functions of a supreme ruler in a theocratic government. He made stated circuits through the country and held his courts as a magistrate. His visits seem to have impressed the people with awe and dread. He was an old man, and for a long time he had been King and Pope. He was compelled by the people to give them a king, and he seems to have intended that Saul should have no actual authority. Samuel retained control of affairs, and he watched Saul with ceaseless vigilance. Harassed by outside enemies, and threatened by Samuel with the loss of his kingdom, Saul brooded moodily over his affairs. He had the reckless courage of his ancestors, and with it a vein of madness, which the narrative describes as "an evil spirit sent from the Lord." But in his deepest gloom he never attempted to stupify thought by coarse animal indulgences. He had

recourse to the most refined of all anodynes, the most spiritual of sensual pleasures. He sought relief in music—the nepenthe of a poet. He was swayed by contradictory impulses, thwarted, disappointed, perplexed. In his reveries the future seemed to darken over him with the coming tempest.

It is a singular circumstance that the young minstrel who came to soothe the distempered mind of Saul was to become the object of an intense dread, and the central figure in a group of calamities. David does not appear to have been noticed by Saul while ministering to him as a musician. When afterwards he presented himself to be armed, Saul did not recognize him as his former attendant. When he came before him with the spoils of the slain Philistine, Saul asked others to tell him something of this youth, whose name in their language was “The Darling.” It was a very natural curiosity. A lithe and graceful form in the simple dress of a shepherd boy; a face radiant with poetic beauty came and asked permission to accept a challenge which had intimidated the whole army.

The return of David from that combat, and his interview with Saul, are presented with great descriptive force. The whole scene is brought before us like a picture. The army officers, dark, stalwart men, standing in the background, and forming a half-circle behind Saul; David, with glowing face;—a young Apollo, radiant with enthusiasm and chivalry; Jonathan and his sisters gazing at this country boy and giving their souls to him; in the midst, the towering and gigantic Saul looking upon this stripling with strange and dubious emotions which he cannot analyse or understand.

From this time the lives of Saul and David become interwoven together. David is a member of Saul’s family; almost adored by Saul’s son and daughter; the darling of the people; one of the military commanders; the theme of songs and ballads; the Giant Killer. Saul observes with keen interest the relations of this young man to Jonathan, and how he seems to win all hearts to himself. Jonathan, the heir to the throne, treats David as his natural sovereign.

On a certain occasion Saul sat at meat amidst his family, and as usual his spear was within reach. David was a member of this circle, and was in his place. The young people were probably occupied with what interested them, and chatted with each other. Saul silently observed them, and while he gazed at David pondered over a gloomy, threatening future. He loved and hated David, for he had been warned by Samuel that the kingdom would be taken from him. This inmate of his family—this husband of his daughter—was to wrest the sceptre from him. Even his very children would aid this usurper. Starting from such a reverie, and maddened by it, Saul more than once hurled his spear in an exstasy of frenzy against David, and sought to kill him. Every such paroxysm ended in sharp remorse.

It became impossible for David to come into the presence of Saul, and he became a fugitive. Saul hunted for him, and had no peace. His stormy life was occupied in endless war; but of all his foes, the one most dreaded was this wandering outlaw, who had no following but a band of needy and desperate men; and who constantly eluded all efforts to capture him. And yet Saul loved David. In one of his fiercest hunts to destroy him there is this strange outburst of feeling; and we see how Saul was tormented and maddened by contending motives. There is a touching pathos in some of the incidents. In his last and most determined effort to destroy David, he is roused from sleep by the sound of a familiar voice, and his whole soul seems to melt. "Is it thy voice, my son David?" "To be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain." Saul had such madness, and his history is full of strange and contradictory conduct. He was the head of the Hebrews, and he was probably the most unhappy man in Palestine.

The faults of Saul were carefully observed by Samuel. He had opposed the popular movement for a king, and seemed not unwilling to have the people see that they had gained nothing by a change of rulers. This grim, austere old man was the only one before whom the daring and reckless spirit of Saul

quailed. From the time when this priest unwillingly proclaimed Saul king, till the dread hour when he rose from his grave to tell him of his doom, there was no moment when Saul felt at ease in his presence. He more than once humbled himself and sought to placate and win him. The proud, impulsive, and intrepid king grovelled at the feet of this stern, cold judge, and clung to his mantle, supplicating forgiveness and aid. Samuel spurned him, and at length refused even to see him.

In the midsts of these discords and contentions no cloud came between David and Jonathan. Their relations to each other remained unchanged, and were of the most romantic character. At their first interview the king's son gave himself to the shepherd boy as a life friend.

The narrative is picturesque in its homeliness and simplicity: "Jonathan made David a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul, and he stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow and girdle."

This was when David presented himself before the court of Saul after the duel with Goliath—a country boy, with no weapon but a shepherd's sling. If Jonathan was fascinated, we can imagine the effect upon his sister, for she was one of this group.

Jonathan was a knight, gentle and true, without fear or reproach, and faithful to his covenant. His devotion was most unselfish, for Saul's efforts were in the interest of the family. Jonathan strove to frustrate them, even at the peril of his life. When David had been hunted out of the country, Jonathan followed Saul to his last battle and died with him. There is something exquisite and almost ideal in his character—a pure, gentle, fearless man, tender, confiding, and true as a woman. David could never replace this friend, and he never forgot him. He enshrined his memory in a monody, which is the most pathetic thing in those old records.

The story of Saul's last battle is vague and fragmentary, but enough is told to enable one to give a probable description

of it—to pass the scene before as a spectacle—one of the great battles of ancient times.

Palestine is a mountainous region, separating the Mediterranean from the countries in the valley of the Mesopotamia. At a certain point between Gallilee and Samaria there is an old passway leading through these highlands. From time immemorial this has been the route of commerce and of armies. When wars have occurred between the empires in the plains of the Euphrates and their rivals on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, or in Egypt, this was the route always taken, and here they most frequently encountered each other.

This passage is in a triangular plain, with irregular sides, fifteen or eighteen miles long. It has its western apex where the little river Gishon descends into the Lowland, which is the equivalent name for Canaan; the ancient designation of the flatlands bordering that part of the Mediterranean.

This great opening through the mountains is the famous Esdraelon. It has been a battlefield for a period extending beyond history. Cushite, Turanian and Semitic armies, whose very names are lost, have trampled that plain. Chaldea, Assyria, Egypt, Rome, the Saracens, and the Crusaders, have arrayed their hosts upon Esdraelon, and left their bodies to enrich it.

A luxuriant vegetation makes it a striking contrast to the barren heights which overlook it. Its verdure has been fed by more than four thousand years of human slaughter. One might almost fancy that the brilliant flowers which enliven it were memorials planted by the kindly hand of nature in memory of nameless and long forgotten men. Those ancient armies still remain there; its soil is dead men.

John, in the Apocalypse, calls it Armagedon, and makes it the final battlefield of the assembled human race and of all the powers of darkness. In that broken country this plain was the only place where war chariots and cavalry could operate, and its great extent was ample for the evolutions of the largest armies.

There Saul fought his last battle. The Phœnicians or Philistines had found him an active and formidable enemy. It is probable that on this occasion they assembled their whole military force, and intended to terminate the long war by a decisive victory. Gathering their armies together from the cities on the coast, they probably came up by the Gishon and debouched into the great plain. In the language of the narrative, "The Lords of the Philistines passed by in bands of hundreds and thousands." The long column marched into the plain, and across it, to its eastern extremity, where it came to a halt and arrayed itself in order for battle—chariots in the centre, flanked by spearmen, archers and cavalry. Banners and ensigns were displayed, and the air vibrated with a martial music of which we have no record—the national songs and war tunes of the Phœnicians. This imposing front extended along the plains facing to the south, and it seemed a line of fire. Helmets of polished brass, bright shields and glittering armor flashed back the fierce light of a Syrian sun. It was one of the many military displays which the grey old mountains have so often seen exhibited in that famous amphitheatre.

Saul had assembled his forces upon the opposite side of the plain and upon the declivities of Gilboa. He could look over the Phœnecian front upon the vast, deep mass behind it, and take in at a glance the arrangement and strength of the mighty host. The armies stood regarding each other in grim silence—neither willing to make the attack, and thus the day ended.

At midnight Saul passed stealthily through his lines in disguise, and after a hazardous walk of seven or eight miles, came to Endor and clambered up the rocks to the cavern of a woman known to the times as the Witch of Endor. He had in vain attempted by the Hebrew rites to obtain some intimation of what was to happen, and he undertook this perilous night journey to visit an outlawed hag, and invoke the aid of demons. He required the woman to summon before him the disembodied spirit of Samuel. Such a demand was the

very ecstacy of desperation. Samuel had been a prophet of disaster to him all his life, and Saul must have known that such a messenger would bring him from the other world no message of comfort.

The incantation raised before him a shape which did not wait to be questioned; but introduced itself with the abrupt and stern demand, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" Saul bowed his face, and said, "I am sore distressed. The Philistines make war against me, and God has departed from me and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams, therefore I have called thee that thou mayest make known to me what I shall do." It was the ghastly confession of a woebegone and desperate man—a prayer offered to the adversaries of his God and to the Divinities of his enemies. He had overthrown their altars, slain their worshipers, denounced their rites as profanities, and now, in his extremity, he appealed to these dark and formidable beings for aid and counsel. He had not long to wait for an answer, and it came like a flash of lightning in a night storm, opening before him a lurid future, and blinding him with horror: "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me, and the Lord shall also deliver the host of Israel into the hands of the Philistines"—with this tremendous malediction the spectre vanished, and Saul fell insensible upon the earth.

There are many instances on record of supernatural warning which men have received of an impending disaster; but neither sacred nor profane history tells of anything so grim and fearful as that midnight scene in the cave of Endor.

In the morning, Saul stood at the head of his army and surveyed it with a calm, stern face, which gave no indications of his midnight adventures. He was sheathed in armor, but his helmet was a golden crown, and upon his naked right arm he wore a golden bracelet. His gigantic form was conspicuous over the whole field. He knew that he was a doomed man, and he arrayed himself in the insignia of his rank that his enemies might distinguish him. It was a challenge and defiance. No more majestic figure ever stood before an army.

For a brief time the two hosts confronted each other in ominous silence. Saul raised his hand, and the Hebrew trumpet gave the signal for battle. Chariots and horsemen rushed forward, and the hosts met with a shock like an earthquake. It was the indescribable tumult of great multitudes fighting hand to hand with the ferocity of personal struggles. Saul seemed to dare and defy his fate, and he imparted to his army his undaunted spirit. It was a fatal battle for the Phœnicians—their victory crippled them, and they were soon after subdued by David.

Saul knew that he must die upon that field, and he sought death with reckless desperation.

During all the long and fierce struggle his towering form, with golden crown and naked right arm, reeking with carnage, was a central figure in a storm of arrows which rained about him. He rushed upon a forest of spears, dealing death and seeking the friendly stroke which would save him from witnessing the defeat of his army.

But there was to be no remission for him. He was to see the full execution of his sentence, and consummate it with his own death. It was a lost battle, and his army was forced back into the mountains. He stood at bay, covered with wounds. He could overlook the plain strewn with the dead. His sons lay before him slain. His empire had gone to wreck. He was a ruined man, and the Phœnicians followed hard after him. This was the doom denounced to him in the cave of Endor. Nothing remained to complete it but his own death. He had vainly sought death from the hand of his enemies, and the boon had been denied him. Saul slew himself.

Hannibal fled from Carthage and Bonaparte from Waterloo; if, like Saul, they had disdained mere self-preservation, and refused to survive the catastrophe which ruined them, would the judgment of mankind have been less indulgent? Saul slew himself, and so did Cato and Brutus. Public opinion among the old Romans sanctioned such an act. Bajazette, in his iron

cage, might envy the fate of Sardanapalus seated upon his funeral pyre. Zenobia, swelling the triumph of Aurelian, was less fortunate than Cleopatra. The heathen did not deem death the greatest of misfortunes. It requires a higher and purer courage than any heathen theology or philosophy can give, to enable one to stand firmly and patiently in every extremity of suffering or disaster, and wait for the relief which God will send in his own time, and by his own messenger—Death.

The Old Testament presents a gallery of portraits, strong, sharp likenesses of some of the prominent men and women of those remote times. None of these pictures are more striking and lifelike than that of Saul; a proud, sad face, shadowed with the peculiar expression which a great but unforeseen calamity cast before it—such a countenance as we might fancy for one destined to meet some strange and terrible disaster.

It sometimes happens, when strolling among pictures, that the attention is caught by a particular face. It has a singular expression which excites curiosity. The catalogue gives no information; merely says "A Head by an Old Master." But who was the original? for this must be a portrait, and of a remarkable man—some one who had authority and an extraordinary career. The face is proud and gloomy, and the eyes seem to look at something not seen, as if the mind was sad and abstracted. A kind of mist gives it an indistinctness. Job describes this strange darkening when he says, "On my eyelids rests the Shadow of Death."

It is an old and dim picture, and its colors have almost faded into a common tint, but the face itself fascinates you. If told afterwards that this was the head of Saul, by Murillo, you would understand the secret of its spell. It was his ideal of such a man. The expression which he had given to it, and which seemed to flicker over it with that vague and strange changefulness, was his mode of indicating the mental distemper—the tinge of lunacy.

Saul was a Hebrew, and it was a peculiar people. Their

history is remarkable ; they were, and they remain, an enigma. The records of this people while in Palestine are full of the strangest exhibitions of inconsistent and contradictory opinions and conduct. They were obstinate and fickle, stubborn and wayward ; monotheists, lapsing constantly into polytheism ; swaying back and forth between the worship of Baal, Ashtaroth and Jehovah ; having fits of panic, and periods of the most daring intrepidity ; waging a war of extermination, and in the intervals of truce intermarrying and intermingling with their hereditary enemies ; impatient of all government ; turbulent, mutinous and discontented—their character was a compound of perplexing contradictions.

Saul was a representative man, fit for his times and his people. His faults were, in a large degree, characteristic of this race. He embodied the strange contradictions of the Hebrew nature—impulsive, heroic, jealous, moody, and impatient of control.

But he was no common man, and not an utterly bad man. His relations with David and Samuel throw light upon one side of his twofold nature. There must have been something noble and lovable about him, for even Samuel mourned for him after he had refused to visit him, and David, under all his provocations, continued to reverence him, and pronounced over him one of the most touching elegies.

Jonathan clung to him in his hour of greatest peril, and died before him. He won the complete devotion of his people, and they followed him wherever he would lead them. Such a man must have had a better side to his nature.. He could attract and win love.

It is hardly probable that all the personal narratives which are found in the Bible were put there merely to preserve to all ages a record of such events. They are something more than little sketches describing what the words naturally imply. There is an inner meaning to them. These fragments of biography are hieroglyphic writing, symbols enunciating lessons of univer-

sal interest. The inner sense, the second meaning, lies below the surface which is only a token of it.

It is this inner soul of the story with which we have to do, and the history of Saul was given for a purpose. It has a deep signification. It is a profound sermon.

He was a man of impulse and emotion. Such a man as poets and romance writers delight to honor. His life was a romance, full of vicissitudes and adventures, which dazzle and captivate the common mind. He was of heroic mould, such as the Greeks made into demigods. He was a splendid physical man. He obtained the pre-eminence among his people. He was full of human nature, with all of its strange contradictions, for even what we call genius, is only a condition of splendid imperfections, of intellectual distortion, glittering weaknesses.

But Saul had no settled and firm convictions. He lacked the symmetrical beauty of character so rarely found and so inappropriately named, "common sense." "The evil spirit from the Lord," which was sent to distract him, was his own wayward and passionate temper. He could not govern himself. His conduct had no anchorage upon steadfast principle. With all of his distinguished advantages, he was an unhappy man, and the manner of his death was in keeping with his life—the closing scene of a tragedy. His best epitaph would be the single word MISERIMUS.

MEMOIR *by Ingle Stuart*

The following Memoir of HOMER H. STUART is reprinted with permission of B. F. Severance, Esq., author of "Genealogy of Londonderry Stewarts, Greenfield, Mass., 1905". In that work it was incorporated in a sketch of Mr. Stuart's parents and grandparents and it is separated therefrom in what follows and is more in detail than was permissible in the Genealogy.

Homer H. Stuart's given names were derived as follows: Homer Hine, the son of Noble Hine and Patience Hubbell, was born July 25, 1776, and died at Youngstown, Ohio, in 1856. He was a cousin of Aaron Stewart. Aaron Stewart in compliment to this cousin named his elder son Homer Hine Stewart. It will be observed that the surname is spelled in two ways. The subject of this Memoir after attaining his majority reverted to "S-t-u-a-r-t", as written by the earlier generations of his family. In this form it appeared in the Will of his ancestor, John Stuart, who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1682, and died in Londonderry, N. H., April 3rd, 1741.

Homer Hine Stuart was born April 1, 1810, in New Haven, Vt. He remarked that the only recollection he held of his father (Aaron Stewart) was sitting on the knee of a tall man and playing with the large buttons on his army coat. Once he recalled this incident to his mother and she responded that his father was then bidding her good-bye ere departing to the War of 1812, where he laid down his life. Referring to a letter, dated New Haven, Vt., we may locate the episode as having happened about March 11, 1813. In the latter part of this year, Aaron's widow, Mrs. Selinda Stewart, went to Fayston, Vt., and resided with her father, John Colt, who was born in Lyme, Connecticut, and who after the War of the Revolution removed to Vermont.

Homer's early childhood was passed in Fayston and the spot always remained distinct in his recollection. It was a township lying amid a tangle of domes and peaks, near Camel's Hump at the head waters of Mad River, which flows northward into the Winooski. It was a region of surpassing beauty. Bears and wolves lurked within the forest lying above the clearings made by its farmers. Except in winter these animals seldom gave trouble. He related that one cold moonlit night the household was aroused by squeals from the pigpen. Before his grandfather Colt could get out of doors with his musket, a bear was seen silhouetted

against the snowy hillside dragging a lusty porker. Another time Homer was sitting on a fallen tree picking raspberries and looked up to see a great black bear at the other end of the tree likewise picking raspberries! In the brook beside the house he amused himself making dams and placing upon them water wheels whittled out for him by his uncle, Charles Bulkeley Colt. Water from this brook was conducted to the kitchen where it flowed through a huge tree trunk hollowed into a trough holding captive a lot of trout. It was customary to scoop a batch of these fish, when a guest happened along unexpectedly, and serve them fried with pieces of salt pork. Next day Homer would be sent out with pole and line and pail to capture another supply to place in the trough and this attractive task was readily performed; for trout in those days fairly longed to take a hook. In a log school-house he learned his letters and he remarked that "1818" was the first date he remembered writing on his slate. From descriptions which have come down from his mother, he was then a sturdy freckled brown-eyed little boy with tow hair, "homely", as she phrased it. He grew, however, strikingly handsome. Indeed during his later years his appearance was the subject of remark wherever he went. He himself, however, had not a trace of vanity. ❧

When the statue of the "Typical Puritan" was being designed in 1881, Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, was desirous he should pose. Not knowing Mr. Stuart personally, he sought out Roswell Smith, the founder of the Century Magazine and asked his good offices in the matter of inducing Mr. Stuart to pose. When Mr. Smith broached the proposition of St. Gaudens, Mr. Stuart, taken by surprise, colored like a child. It is to be regretted exceedingly that his modesty caused him to deny, not only this, but similar requests of many other artists, and we have merely a reproduction of a photograph which fails entirely in portraying the complexion, fresh as the blossom of a hawthorn, the kindly brown eyes and the beautiful silvery hair.

John Stewart decided in 1819 that his grandson Homer should have a liberal education and summoned him to Middlebury to attend school. Here he passed the next few years. In 1828 he entered Middlebury College, teaching schools at intervals near Ticonderoga and Lake George and Warren, Vt. He ranked high in his class and his graduation address in 1832 was very creditable. He studied law at Windsor, Vt., where a few years later his acquaintance with William M. Evarts began. During a portion of this period he taught a school at Springfield, Vt., for from the time of graduation at Middlebury College, he was dependent upon his own efforts. These early years were toilsome and marked by self-denial

and bred in him the habits of thoroughness which characterized his after life. Finally he started for New York, via Troy. En route he saw a railroad for the first time and enjoyed the novelty of a ride in one of the stage coach bodies which had been mounted on car wheels and attached to the primitive "Low-commotive Engine", as one of his New England contemporaries pronounced the word in the dawn of American Railroadng. The line then extended from Albany to Schenectady and can be considered as one of the pioneer railroads.

He made his home for awhile at 57 John Street with David Hale, a friend of his Uncle Ira Stewart. Afterwards he roomed at 41 Liberty Street with Egbert Starr and Henry Warren, two men of his age, from Vermont.

His stay in New York lasted some time, and in his leisure hours he rambled about the city which was to claim so much of his life. He found the houses rather scattering north of Houston Street. Washington Square was a field surrounded by a picket fence. Beyond the "Parade Ground", as the Square was termed, came ordinary farming country. His evening hours were apt to be passed on the Battery, for he had a fine ear for music and loved to hear the melodies floating from "Castle Garden" out over the water. In those days the "Elysian Fields" at Hoboken, where he was wont to stroll deserved the name and were not, as now, merged in steamship yards. There was also the "Pavilion" on Staten Island where he used to sit and review the procession of vessels as they passed.

While in New York an opportunity to teach school in Richmond, Va., presented itself and he accepted. The journey southward carried him through Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad was being extended toward Point of Rocks on the Potomac River and he rode in the cars to Relay House Station.

The allusion to this railroad warrants a few remarks concerning its appearance at this early period. The Baltimore and Ohio embodied at the date of inception in 1827 the boldest effort in railroad construction. Even when completed by its far-seeing projectors, Fridge, Brown and Steuart, to the Ohio River in 1853 it was still the longest continuity of rails operated under one charter in this or in any other country. Yet, when Mr. Stuart first rode upon it in 1833, the larger part of its motive power was supplied by the horse.

Two methods were utilized in applying horse power. By the first method, the horses moved on a horse path and pulled a cable attached to the forward car. This was "canalling".

The second method was different. Here the horse was stationed upon the forward car of the "brigade" as trains were then termed, and stood upon a wide belt passing over a drum. The drum was geared to the axle of the wheels and, when the horse moved, the motion was communicated in accelerated degree to the wheels. When the "engineer" (if the driver can be so termed) received the signal to start he drew forward the brake handle (just as the engineer draws out the throttle of the locomotive) and Dobbin feeling the tread-mill slipping, began stepping onward, thus propelling the train of coach-like bodies. A surprising pageant indeed, one of these "brigades" filled with farmers and their wives, and the medley composing the passenger list, gliding apace along rails laid on granite sleepers while tantaras from the "engineer's" horn evoked echoes on those pleasant fields of Maryland.

Three steam locomotives only were then in service. They were named "York", "Atlantic" and "Franklin" and the empirical arrangement of their construction was due to theories soon to be discarded. Their boilers were upright and likewise their cylinders. Their piston rods alternately pushed up and pulled down walking beams connected with the diminutive driving wheels and the action of these walking beams reminded beholders of the kicking motion of a grasshopper's hind legs. From this appearance they derived their name "Grasshopper Locomotives".

How little Mr. Stuart, while riding the first time on the B. & O. realized that long, long afterward he would meet and come to know the man who had demonstrated in 1829 that this railroad could and must be operated by the "Steam Horse". That man was the noble Peter Cooper and his successful demonstration was made by the tiny locomotive which he himself constructed and ran from Baltimore through Relay to Ellicott's Mills.

Once in after years when the train flashed by Relay, Mr. Stuart pointed it out to his son who was making his initial visit to Washington, and alluded to those beginnings of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Ah! the years were rolled away! He recalled the place as revealed when the "brigade" emerged from the deep cutting that morn, years before this later time, and in the distance the station was in view. In fancy came the mellow cadence of the "engineer's" horn, postilion like, warning all concerned to make ready for transition. There was Relay once again! But fallen from its erstwhile estate of importance into the desuetude foredoomed to every work of man. Gone that ample platform thronged with travellers! Gone those granite sleepers! The Stone Age in Railroad! Gone the curious iron rails—archaic vehicles and motive power, manners, methods, one and all tentative—having

served the day and generation! Ever "the old order changeth and yieldeth place to new!"

From Relay the stage coach conveyed him toward Washington, past that bloody field of Bladensburg. There, just outside the limits of the District of Columbia, was fought one of the battles of the Second War with England, and the capture of our National Capital by the British army ensued. But aside from this event the spot deserves the title "bloody", for upon this Gretna Green many "affairs of honor" had taken place conducted under the etiquette of the Code Duello. Hither came the duellists from Washington. Here the intrepid Decatur, scarce a dozen years earlier, had gone down before the aim of Barron and an untimely end had marked the career of the author of the sentiment—

"Our Country! Always right!
But right or wrong, our Country!"

Other combats on this field of Bladensburg recurred to him as the stage coach progressed toward the Southland and set him to musing on the condition of society, which made the declination of a challenge an exercise of higher moral courage than the acceptance. Thus it was with Decatur who disapproved of the Code and yet ever yielded to its demands, fearing public opinion would regard his known bravery as having weakened with advancing years. The sentiments expressed in the correspondence of these duellists are so mawkish that we wonder how men of sincerity could have entertained them. Whatever glamour may have once invested the duel, disappeared forever when an Illinois jury convicted the successful duellist of murder in the first degree and the sheriff hanged him.

As Mr. Stuart rode through the National Capital, little was he aware that he would be there three decades later during intensely stirring times! The Washington spread before him in the 30's was an unattractive village, straggling around a few great public edifices, the strongest possible contrast to the Washington he visited in 1883 for the last time, and for which he held the greatest admiration.

The Richmond school proved uncongenial and the scholars turbulent—during the very first week one of the school boys stabbed a fellow scholar! At the house on Shockoe Hill, where Mr. Stuart boarded, the fare was "hog and hominy and hoe cake". Richmond itself, however, impressed him. It was "half city and half country", beautifully situated, and though containing only twelve thousand inhabitants, extended widely. He considered the State House a majestic building despite its plainness. He noted

in its atrium a statue of George Washington so unlike the models with which he was familiar that it did not please him. On the pedestal was inscribed, "Fait par Goudon citoyen Francais, 1798". In this inscription he saw the hand of Jefferson who was, he remarked, "three-quarters French and one-quarter American".

Relinquishing Richmond he took passage on the schooner "Wasp", S. H. Worth, Captain, for New York. The craft moved leisurely down the James River from "The Rocketts" anchoring at intervals and giving opportunity to study the plantations of "Tide-water Virginia". "Swallow Barn" so delightfully portrayed in 1833 by John P. Kennedy, and "The Old Plantation" located on the Lower Chesapeake Shore of Maryland, described in James Hungerford's narrative, dated in 1832, were counterparts of those which Mr. Stuart observed from the deck of the schooner. For a better view he climbed the mast-head of the "Wasp" as it glided past the one house and half-dozen tall ghost-like chimneys which constituted the sole relics of Jamestown, and the desolate appearance of this historic spot left a mournful recollection. He held in pleasant memory an anchorage at Hampton Roads where he and Captain Worth put out in an open boat for a day's duck shooting. This reconnaissance of the James River and Chesapeake Bay was of avail to him thirty years later when tracing on the map the engagement between the "Monitor" and "Merrimack" and the marching and countermarching of the two armies in the War of the Rebellion for the shores of the James and of the Chesapeake were distinctly recalled.

At last weathering Cape Henry the "Wasp" turned her prow for Sandy Hook and after a voyage that was very stormy, glided into New York Harbor.

He filled a place as clerk with Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor, 60 Wall Street. It was a firm in an extensive way of business principally in cotton factorage and one of its adjuncts was a forge shop or foundry at Paterson, N. J., where in a short time Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor were to commence the manufacture of locomotives. As late as 1878 one of these old locomotives was pointed out by Mr. Stuart at the Grand Central Station and he called attention to the brass letters "R. K. & G." on the steam-chest. Under the title of "Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works", which the concern assumed after the death of Thomas Rogers in 1856, the establishment became known the world over.

Mr. Stuart's duties were simple. A task at which he was set by his employers was labelling and filing business letters. Then he was directed to meet nearly all the incoming ships. Making inquiry of one captain, the latter presented in answer his log book

written in Norwegian! Boarding another vessel brought him in contact with the commander, a Frenchman of infinite gesticulation, and the palaver was finally adjourned to the shore to take "Conseil" as the captain expressed it.

His desk at the Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor office was surrounded with samples of cotton, while a throng of Southern cotton growers and cotton speculators crowded about these samples. To him, a newcomer, the disjointed phrases coming from this hub-bub of voices, such as "How is Sea Islands". "What does Liverpool say". "Long Staple", etcetera, sounded very strangely. Yet to his surprise he found that his employer, keen-sighted broker though he was, possessed an exquisite sense of poetry for which he had a great fondness. The merchants of Wall Street in the days of "Auld lang syne", he perceived were men of liberal education and noted that they transacted their business with military promptitude and energy.

At two o'clock his duties took him over to the "Exchange" on Wall Street not far from the office. At that hour gathered those whose business required personal attendance, and this gathering embraced practically all the merchants of the city.

He studied this daily assemblage at the Exchange with deep interest. Some stood in groups, some in pairs. Many were well dressed gentlemen bearing themselves with easy grace, but, whether well dressed or the reverse, all were on business intent—not a lounge among them. The figures and countenances varied. Here a figure lean as Shylock. Over there a plethoric Dutchman talking to a companion with the unmistakable mahogany tinted countenance of the East Indian. Quakers, Spaniards, Yankees—all these types were brought together in this throng and fell under his observant eye. A diverting forum indeed for one who aimed to enter the legal profession!

His mercantile career was brief. Through the kindly efforts of Mr. Morris Ketchum he was translated from the babel of the counting room to the upstairs quietude of the law office of William Emerson, brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Stuart used to relate that Ralph Waldo Emerson and his brother William, tilting their chairs and projecting their feet over the window sill into Wall Street, would talk hour after hour. Seated a few feet away, he could not avoid hearing their conversation on those lines which, designated usually as Transcendentalism, have become famous. Nearly fifty years later he smilingly admitted to the intimate friend and admirer of Emerson, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, that in 1833 these lines of conversation did not appeal to him. "I simply could not grasp them", he said.

They had not acquired that epigrammatic crystallization which forms so great a charm in Emerson's writing and stamps him the Umpire Philosopher. That very crystallization when it came, as finally it did, appealed to him with force, as for instance the following quotations which he pencil-marked one summer afternoon while reading Miss Woolson's novel "Anne", where they appeared as Chapter headings:

"Manners—not what but *how*. Manners are happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. Manners require time; nothing is more vulgar than haste."

"In our society there is a standing antagonism between the conservative and the democratic classes; between the interest of dead labor; that is the labor of hands long ago still in the grave; which labor is now entombed in money, stocks and land owned by idle capitalists, and the interest of living labor, which seeks to possess itself of them."

"We accompany the youth with sympathy and manifold old sayings of the wise to the gate of the arena, but it is certain that not by strength of ours or by the old sayings but only on the strength of his own, unknown to us or to any, he must stand or fall."

The Rev. Peter Bulkeley of Concord and Charles Chauncey, President of Harvard College, were ancestors of both Mr. Stuart and Mr. Emerson. The fact, however, was not known to either at the time of this meeting. Mutual knowledge that tie of kinship existed would have led to more sympathetic acquaintance and thereby doubtless then would have given Mr. Stuart that comprehension of Emerson's greatness of intellect; for Mr. Stuart, at least in later years, was an unerring critic of a man's mental ability.

His environment in Vermont had not qualified Mr. Stuart for this meeting with Emerson. Quite the contrary. He had been brought up to measure men by the inflexible standard that had come through the Revolutionary period from an earlier era.

Captain John Stewart, his grandfather—a rugged veteran of the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars—did not move in line with the trend of philosophic thought which had its starting point in Massachusetts. Aaron Stewart gave evidence of departure from the early standard of Vermont, doubtless owing to the Puritan strain derived from his mother, Huldah Hubbell Stewart, for the Hubbells were distinctly of that Puritan type which came in the Winthrop company in 1630 and which Oliver Wendell Holmes has termed the Brahmin Caste of New England. Homer, however, had not come under the influence of his father, but had been swayed by the precepts of his deeply loved and respected grandsire. Therefore the canons of his earlier years as applied to

men and modes of thought were destined ere long to be supplanted with the measurement decreed by the catholicity which was his Bulkeley-Chauncey heritage. That the earlier views were overthrown is not surprising.

Wafted from the past floats the aura of one's forebears. We are trustees for the oncoming generations. Long ago the trust was stamped and induction into the trust is ruled by unknown laws of heredity which claim at wide intervals the individual best fitted to administer the trust with fidelity. Such individual cannot choose but serve, albeit subconsciously. With these conditions in view the outcome of the conflict could have been foreseen. The question was merely the length of time required to give that maturity which should qualify him keenly to appreciate Emerson. Observation of humanity and profound reflection were to train him while ripening into this maturity. The training was to be on a frontier arena confronting able antagonists—training, drilling him to think with utmost clearness, and to utter his thought with beautiful precision, training inculcating quick sympathy for the poor and lowly, without regard to color, creed or race.

What would have been the career of this versatile thinker if his formative years had been passed in the historic galaxy of "Brook Farm" contemporaries? He was intellectually their equal. His capacity for enjoyment of such companionship was of the highest degree. To have communed with Hawthorne would have been a joy to both.

How similar the inclination of mind of these two! Take the following written in 1829 when Mr. Stuart was nineteen. How similar to many of the musings jotted down by Hawthorne in his Note Book!

"Saturday Night, Nov. 1st.

It is a cold, dreary November night. The rain and hail are pattering against my windows and the wind is whistling, moaning and roaring among the huge chimneys of the college. Lights can be seen in the village through the storm and everything has that cheerless aspect so much better felt than described. Yet I am always happier at such a time than any other. There is a nameless and peculiar pleasure in looking forth upon the low grey clouds and the dull desolate storm of November and a kind of excitement in walking through it in a dark evening (if well wrapped up). It seems as if it was emblematic of the life of man—begun in smiles and sunshine and ended in tears and darkness.

In an evening like this how supremely content a person feels to be situated as I am now with a warm fire, a snug room with books and a pipe on a table before me, a dish of chocolate on the fire and alone! It seems as if you were far separated from the bustle and noise of the world and had retired within yourself and

dependent upon no one but yourself for your enjoyment. By the way, I intend that Dan shall take a cup with me. A person in college always has a circle of friends with whom he enjoys himself much. I spend some of my happiest moments in talking with my chum or with Seymour. Last night Seymour and myself sat over the embers in his room till 12:00 talking to each other of old times, school days, &c. And time slips fast when so employed. I'm half the time in his room or he in mine and our thoughts in many respects are similar. But he has the advantage of me in a fine form and graceful carriage. And my chum is the handsomest young fellow I ever saw and notwithstanding that he has a very sound mind and no vanity."

Take another example, where the mood is sadder, written while teaching school the following year:

"Warren, Vt., March 9th, 1830.

What a curious effect music has! It is the richest and purest pleasure and gives birth to feelings which an angel might envy. It is a kind of melancholy happiness, a saddened joy that is infinitely superior to all the gratifications of noisy mirth. At such a moment the tired soul rests from all her cares, from ambition and hate, from pride and from all those dark feelings and passions which mark the alloy of our nature and the connexion of soul and matter. I have been listening for some minutes past to the song called "Blue-eyed Mary". The words themselves are pensive and touching and when warbled with taste by a pretty girl it is difficult to believe that the "blue-eyed Stranger" is not breathing forth her blighted hopes and her desolate heart. We are made of clay I know, but once in a while a train of feelings will come across the dull currents of our hearts that belong to a better world than this and cause us like the Peri that had caught a glimpse of Heaven to turn back a saddened and reluctant eye upon our own condition."

How keen the appreciation of Natural Phenomena in the following:

"December 11th, 1830, Bridport.

Ten o'clock. The Northern Lights are more brilliant than ever I saw them before. The whole heaven is filled with them and they form at the zenith an apex that surpasses in grandeur and beauty anything the imagination can conceive of. Slender lines of delicate white diverge from the horizon and meet at a point like the converged rays of the sun producing a focus of light sufficiently strong to read by. But strange as it may seem, the stars can be seen through it. It reminds one of Ossian's description of the spirit of Loda:

'The wan star twinkled through his form'.

It is not difficult to fancy that you see in the heavens mighty armies contending with each other; banners fluttering and streaming over them and, in fine 'all the pride and pomp and circumstance of war'. And it has an unnatural appearance that cannot be described. I will pardon the rude Indian when he gazed upon them or the beleagured inhabitants of Jerusalem for believing that they saw in these borealean phenomena the portentous announcement of divine wrath and the precursors of their city's destruction.

I should have no difficulty in imagining that I saw in the sky a flaming sword like that which is said to have hung over Jerusalem. I could myself see the Roman and Judean bands contending together; I could see the broken squadrons; the rushing charge of the cavalry; the confused rout and all the current of headlong flight. And if I had lived eighteen centuries ago I might have trembled; as it was I felt a pleasing but sublime awe like that produced by the roll of distant thunder. Although we have not the rich fruits and exuberant fertility of the tropics yet there is beauty in the northern sky compared with which all the splendour of a Southern Night would be tame and vapid. This equal distribution of natural favours marks the beneficence of the Great First Cause and is well calculated to produce at least a momentary feeling of gratitude. There is no need of revelation to teach us that there is a God. Everything proclaims it from the tiny denizens of the grass to the rolling spheres—

‘Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that formed us is divine.’”

His intercourse with Nature was not less intimate than Thoreau's. How he and Thoreau would have fraternized upon the expedition which is narrated as follows:

“Middlebury College, No. 47, Sept. 2, 1829.

I have had a regular tramp since last I was seated at my old table and have seen enough of woods and mountains, rocks and streams to satisfy any person that has as Leather Stocking says no cross in blood. The Monday after commencement John Hooker and myself started to have a walk among the mountains and to view the country. We stayed in Starksboro' the first night at the house of a Quaker and rioted on fried pork and potatoes at the rate of 25 cents for supper, lodging and breakfast. The old Quaker sat with his hand in his vest and told long droning stories of the hardships which the first settlers endured; how the wolves would howl at his door and the bears would carry off his hogs, &c., &c. The next day we walked 18 miles through a region where there was scarcely a footpath and crossed a high mountain, one of the chain of mountains which run through the State. Part of our walk was a footpath by the side of a fine trout stream that wound its way through the woods, now brawling over the stones or glancing down in mimic waterfalls and again gliding along in a still deep channel as clear as a spring. Every few rods up started a flock of partridges whirling away with a roar into the woods. Our path led across mountain streams which we crossed by trees bridging the gulf, sometimes at the height of 20 feet from the water. These trees would swing and teter as we passed over them in a manner not very agreeable. We reached my mother's house about 3 o'clock Tuesday and I spent that and the next day in talking with her and looking at the bees. Thursday a party of eleven went to the top of 'Camel's Hump' and we were as wild looking a company as ever I saw. We had packs and some carried guns and every man had at least three dogs. We had to walk eight miles to get to the mountain. The whole of the way was through woods

and over mountains which I should call high, if I had never been on the 'Hump'. Our guides who were accustomed to traveling in the woods hurried on like wolves and the fatigue to me was almost unsupportable. The forest was so dense that we could not see out at all and our guides were forced to climb trees to see in what direction the mountain lay. I saw one of them climb a tall spruce till he was at least 80 feet from the ground and the trunk at that height was not larger than my arm. It made my head swim to look at him and it would have made a bear's to follow him. At last we reached the top of the mountain after an almost perpendicular ascent. This peak according to the measurement of Captain Partridge is 4186 feet above the level of tide water and Mansfield North Mountain or Peak called the 'Chin' is 4279 feet, not quite a hundred feet higher than the 'Hump'. Mansfield 'Chin' is the highest in the State. We had one of the finest prospects in the world. All the Northern and Middle part of Vermont; Lake Champlain from Ticonderoga to St. Johns; the White Hills in New Hampshire and a part of Canada lay spread out below us like a map. It was a most glorious prospect! Camel's Hump is singularly formed; the top of it is a vast rock plateau on the top of a high mountain. This rock on the south side descends perpendicularly 150 or 200 feet. To go within two or three yards of the edge and look down will make a person feel peculiar. I scarcely dared send over a stone lest I should fall off with it. Everything below us seemed nearly level. I noticed one thing which appeared very singular. The land seemed to ascend the farther distant it was or in other words, we stood at the bottom of a vast concavity and it seemed as if Lake Cham. would immediately flow down to the foot of the mountain if its banks were broken; this was probably owing to a refraction of the air or to some other cause which could be explained on philosophic principles. Below the precipice on the south side of the mountain is a vast forest that extends a number of miles to the East, South and West; a forest that has never felt the axe and still stands in the same gloomy silence in which it has remained since the Creation. I stood on a point of rock above the precipice when the setting sun was sending the shadow of the mountain far to the eastward and touching with an almost unearthly hue the sombre forests below me and the summits of the neighboring mountains. A cold mist was flying by me which was lit up by the rays of the sun into all the hues of the rainbow and seemed to realize the beautiful description by Byron of the Spirit's Home:

'My mansion in the clouds
Which the breath of twilight builds
And the summer sunset gilds
With the azure and vermillion
Which is mixed for my pavilion.'

As I stood and looked down upon the forests below, I felt a species of awe which I never before felt. It required but a small stretch of imagination to fancy the forest below was some vast assemblage of people. In fact, a person could imagine what he pleased in such a situation. I delivered a couple of declamations without drawing any particular marks of approbation from my audience with the exception of a couple of large ravens which had

established themselves in a large dead tree below me and croaked in a manner which might have been mistaken for Encore! Encore! but I am not vain.

John Hooker, my brother and myself stayed on the top of the mountain all night. We kindled a large fire and spent the night in talking, looking at the stars and trying to sleep. All below us was in deep shade and to look down the sides of the mountain seemed like looking into a vast cavern, but the stars shown with uncommon brilliancy. We were above the mists and smoke of the lower world, and they seemed much more bright than they do even in a cold winter night. The prospect a little before sunrise was grand. Below us on the East for 50 miles in extent it was one level sea of fog of the purest white, checkered here and there by the top of some blue mountain that rose above it and looked like an island as beautiful as even the far famed and poetic Atalantis. In a short time, the sun rose far off over the mountains of New Hampshire, and when its level beams fell on the mist it assumed all the splendid coloring of the evening clouds. It was a sight that richly repaid us for all our toil. About an hour after sunrise, we took a line of march for home (Duxbury) which we reached a little after noon. Saturday we came as far as Lincoln, and Sunday we went to Bristol, attended meeting and in the afternoon walked home. If my uncle will let me, I shall go to the White Mountains next week with Hyde."

A tree to him was adorable. Beneath some lofty Weymouth pine he would harken to the wind sighing through the boughs, and, with a smile, murmur, "It is singing Wareham". That vista of Ocean as his vessel passed out the Chesapeake! Many a time in later years when a heavy storm was brewing, did he go to Rock-away Beach and spend a day looking out over the billows sweeping shoreward and muse. Watching a procession of clouds, the expression of his grave face took on a kind of rapture. The poetic was the side present to his mind. What friendships he would have formed at Concord! But this was not to be. He and Ralph Waldo Emerson were fated, thus to meet and thus to pass.

Not being attracted to Emerson his attention was turned to Aaron Burr, then a resident of New York. Col. Burr, wearing a cloak of military cut and glancing quickly from side to side with glittering eyes as he traversed the streets, was in the twilight of his career in 1833 a figure at whom passers-by turned to gaze and Mr. Stuart studied deeply this survivor of the political era which succeeded the Revolutionary War. He listened to the views of contemporaries of Burr and Hamilton and came to the conclusion that had the duel at Weehawken resulted in the death of Burr, then the martyred Hamilton might have received in some measure the obloquy with which Nemesis pursues the successful duellist in after life and that has been dealt out to Burr's memory.

But, even so, he looked upon Aaron Burr as the arch schemer who introduced into our laws that type of corporation which is disguised to mask the end actually sought and which conceals powers of monopoly under ambiguous phrases. He pondered often over Burr's subtle intellect and parliamentary dexterity which found its congenial employment in this form of covert attack upon the policy of our institutions. Often would Mr. Stuart, as he went by the old building No. 40 Wall Street (long since torn down) turn to gaze at the gigantic statue of the Water God Aquarius with his amphora placed above the doorway. He appreciated the subtlety that, utilizing for its pretext a period of fever arising from contaminated pumps and wells, could draft an Act entitled "An Act to Supply the City of New York with Pure and Wholesome Water" and holding nevertheless a Banking Corporation of endless duration hidden under its *water* surface. And the corporation's decision that Aquarius was a more appropriate emblem than Mercury for paper money amused him with its sardonic humor. And he thought with what a sarcastic smile Aaron Burr passing through Wall Street must have glanced up at that heathen image and have chuckled to think how he had opened the door for the army of corporations modelled on this prototype which were stealing into all the channels of business and dominating private effort and enterprise. Stories were related to him telling how Burr was wont secretly to scrutinize the title of some parcel of land. If an available flaw caught his attention he would quietly lay his plans and then come down upon the unsuspecting owner who would have to buy him off. How much truth there was in these stories it is impossible to say. Burr called on a client, a lady who had a club foot. This deformity made her waddle in an uncouth manner and upon entering the parlor, she begged Mr. Burr to excuse her awkwardness. "Really, Madam", he replied with a most gallant bow, "I deemed it merely a graceful limp". And then that retort of Burr to Chancellor Kent when the latter, forgetting the proprieties, shouted "You are a scoundrel". "The opinions of the learned Chancellor are always entitled to the highest consideration".

Mr. Stuart was notified he could come out to Ohio and complete his legal education in the office of Joshua A. Giddings who afterwards attained great prominence as Member of Congress from the Northwestern Reserve. Toward the middle of 1834, he departed for the West. But he did not go as far as Ohio for he paused in Western New York, where he secured a place as law student in the office of James Burt at Franklinville, near Olean in Cattaraugus County. He worked for his board at Mr. Burt's and was allowed the use of the meagre library.

For sixteen months he rode the circuit in Cattaraugus and adjoining counties in Pennsylvania and New York, and, not having been admitted to the bar, tried such Justice of the Peace actions as are entrusted to the neophyte. He recalled that in one of these actions—in Allegany County, a "horse case", lasting two days—he was pitted against a rough hewn young fellow, named Martin Grover, whom many years afterwards he found sitting as one of the judges of the Court of Appeals at Albany.

His journeys in this rough region when the weather was inclement entailed hardship. He used often to reach home at midnight, and tired as he was, would have to care for his equally tired horse before going to rest himself. He was in his twenty-fifth year five feet eight and one-half, "well set up", as the phrase went, and exceedingly active. When weary of riding he would spring from the saddle and run two or three miles along the trail threading those primeval forests, his well trained horse trotting close behind. Usually he carried a rifle to bring down such game as he encountered.

One business expedition led him to Fort Wayne, Indiana. He made his way to Lake Erie and sailed to Cleveland where the boat stopped awhile and then, resuming the voyage till the corner of Michigan came in view, turned into the harbor of Toledo. There he embarked on a perlauger and paddled for more than a hundred miles on the Maumee River. The stream flowed sluggishly between walls of trees towering above the margin and festooned with vines. During the voyage a large wild turkey tried to fly over the river and, its strength failing, fell into the water where it was easily captured. Landings here and there led to log cabins beyond the marshy borders of the Maumee. Near one of these cabins towered an immense "button ball" tree, with a curl of smoke rising through its foliage. He was amused to find it a "smoke-house". It had a rude door and a fire smouldered within the cavity which extended up to an orifice among the branches. Hanging from pegs were hams, one of which the gaunt sallow mistress of the cabin reached with a long pole, and took down to cut a few slices to fry with eggs for his meal. Like most of these settlers, she suffered from chills and fever, and the free use of whiskey were assumed to hold in check this ailment. Asking her for a drink, she stepped to a barrel and filling a bowl handed it to him. Supposing it was water, he took a mouthful, only to blister his mouth with raw spirit. Thereupon he asked for water. "Go out to the spring", she replied, pointing to an enclosure of rails, at some distance. Here he found a spring, but it welled up in a swampy spot where filthy hogs were wallowing, so he went without a drink. Is it any

wonder that such careless sanitary arrangements caused almost universal sickness among the first settlers in Ohio and Indiana? The woodlands were filled with droves of half wild hogs roving about for food and only occasionally being fed at the house.

The raftsmen, who floated logs down the Allegheny River to Pittsburgh, Pa., assembled their "drives" at Olean. These lumbermen and rivermen were wild and lawless. Olean at this period was quite as disorderly as most frontier settlements. Gambling, quarrelling and violence rendered Olean anything but attractive to him and he was very glad when his classmate Horatio Seymour (not the Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York) secured him a position at Lockport, N. Y., in the office of Robert H. Stevens, District Attorney of Niagara County. He reached Lockport in December, 1835, and for about ten years made it his home. On his arrival he met congenial young men and social intercourse with these educated gentlemen, after the Circuit Riding, in those forlorn, forbidding settlements of Northern Pennsylvania, was indeed welcome. Speaking of these men, he used to enumerate John G. Saxe, the poet; Sullivan Caverno; Mortimer M. Southworth; Washington Hunt, etc. They met at the hotel for their meals. The hotel-keeper set out spirits freely with the meals, but whoever drank brandy or whiskey was expected to buy port or madeira wine, and if a boarder failed to do so he became aware soon of unfriendly regard on the part of his host. The results of this mistaken hospitality were only too evident in the intemperance at Lockport in those days and Mr. Stuart saw some promising careers ruined.

Everything was flourishing and a great future was predicted for Lockport. A railroad from Lockport to Niagara Falls was just completed and in making a trip over it a curious incident befell him. The passenger car was very small and as he entered he tripped over a sprawling leg. Its owner, an immense man, made no move to withdraw the leg, but, most courteously begging his pardon, explained that it was rigid from a wound received during the War of 1812. Mr. Stuart entering into conversation responded that he had lost his father in that war. The gentleman asked in what regiment he served and upon learning said, "Why I was Colonel of that regiment! What was your father's name?" "Aaron Stewart from Vermont, an Orderly Sergeant". "Is that so? I distinctly recall Sergeant Stewart. He was a splendid soldier". How surprising was this chance meeting! How gratifying to Mr. Stuart to talk with one who knew and appreciated his father. This individual was Colonel Eleazer W. Ripley and he told a great deal about the operations in that war.

In the beginning of this Memoir allusion was made to a letter written by Aaron Stewart and it may not be amiss to reproduce it here. It is as follows:

"New Haven, March 11th, 1813.

Hon'd Sir:—Nature in her unerring decrees has wisely ordained a law which imposes a duty from man to man as citizens, teaching them their dependence on each other, which constitutes the basis and cements the bonds of society. And although one man's talents may infinitely outshine another's 'tis a gift he received from the predisposes of events and if philanthropy is a companion of knowledge he must commiserate those below him—not by a cold expression of sorrow—but by a benevolent act of kindness, which may be done in various ways without expense, and with very little trouble. You, my honored sir, have this gift within your power. You have two sons who are amply provided with the good things of this life—another exactly the reverse. He has a request for you to make to one of your friends who will be happy to oblige you. I have now enrolled my name in the Army of the U. S. The consequence is my own. The necessity of the war we agree in.

I have been introduced to Colonel Ripley who commands my Reg't. He was a classmate in college with S. Swift, Esq. Mr. Hopkins under whom I enlisted told me to carry a line from two who are supposed to be men of influence here. I accordingly did it. The Colo did not dispute it but told me Nature had signed a recommend in my countenance. In the course of conversation finding I lived in New Haven he asked me if I was acquainted with Mr. Swift. I told him I was, he replied that any direction from Mr. Swift would supercede the necessity of any further inquiries.

That, sir, is the request I wish you to make to him. It will mellorate my condition and Mr. Swift will not hesitate to grant you that favor. I now enclose the substance of what I wish him to write with a desire for him to dress it in such a manner as he pleases and give it to me in an open letter to Colo Ripley. This favor if you concede to it and if it should be my lot to fall in the service of the constituted authority of my country, you will have the consolating reflection of granting the last favor ever solicited by your unfortunate, & wishing to be your dutiful son.

AARON STEWART.

Mr. John Stewart".
addressed to "Cap't John Stewart, Middlebury".

Mr. Stuart passed his examination for admission to the bar at Utica, July 15th, 1836. Joshua A. Spencer was the examiner. Mr. Stuart once related that Luther R. Marsh, who sat next to him, became perplexed over questions upon "trover" propounded by Mr. Spencer. When Marsh was apparently cornered, Mr. Spencer asked, "At this stage of the action, what would you do?" Marsh pondered awhile and replied, "I would advise my client to retain as special counsel, Joshua A. Spencer". The humor of this reply carried the day and with a general "laugh" he was passed. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Stuart, meeting thus for the first time, became life-

long friends; Mr. Marsh was a most tactful speaker and graceful writer and a lawyer of rare adroitness. His hallucination as to "Diss De Barr Spirit Pictures", which caused such widespread comment, was a sadness to all who knew Mr. Marsh. They deeply regretted seeing this courteous, venerable man exposed to the storm of ridicule showered upon him by the public press.

Soon after Mr. Stuart's admission to practice, he formed a partnership with Mr. Stevens and later Billings P. Learned came from New London, Conn., and was admitted to the firm which became very successful.

The business of the firm required the partners to do a great deal of traveling to and fro between the different county seats, as well as to Buffalo and Albany and into Canada West, or Upper Canada, as the Province of Ontario was then termed. In his first years at Lockport before the railroad links were united in a continuous line between Buffalo and Albany, he traveled on the packet boats of the Erie Canal and greatly enjoyed the experience. These boats were much faster than the boats of burthen and moved along, night as well as day, with a surge that swept the banks. If one was not in great haste this canal transportation was a delightful method of viewing the country.

In May, 1837, he married Miss Jane E. Campbell in Windsor, Vermont. She was the daughter of Edward Raymond Campbell. Three children were born in Lockport, N. Y., of this marriage.

Being a fine speaker, he was greatly in demand during the political campaigns. He once made a tour with Silas Wright, speaking with him daily and nightly from the same platform. One of his treasured mementos was an ivory-headed hickory cane with a silver circlet inscribed, "Homer H. Stuart from Andrew Jackson". President Jackson who knew him personally sent this cane to him.

The stand which Jackson took in combatting South Carolina Nullification was in consonance with his ideas. Thus quite naturally he stepped in the Jacksonian ranks. The views, however, of Hamilton, rather than those of Jefferson, appealed to him and the period of his activity in the Jacksonian Democracy was merely an episode. Although he believed in party organization, the mere party name was never sacro-sanct. He clung to the principle, let the name go where it listed. But in 1844 he ceased all political work, and withdrew from his law firm. Mr. Learned also withdrew and a little later went to Albany where he engaged in banking and became president of the old Union Bank of Albany. Mr. Stuart brought his family to Williamsburgh, then a separate municipality, but for many years past a part of Brooklyn. He was corporation

counsel for Williamsburgh till its union with Brooklyn and also had an office in New York City.

Soon, however, a great grief overtook him in the deaths, within the space of six months, of his wife and two of the children. The business failure of his brother-in-law, for whom he had endorsed notes, swept away all his accumulations and left him without means. Leaving Williamsburgh, he settled in New York City and applied himself to his profession and to the recoupment of his fortune.

It was in 1847 that he became acquainted with Edgar Allan Poe, whom he used to meet familiarly. He did not endorse Rufus Wilmot Griswold's report which has clung persistently to Poe's memory, namely, that Poe was a hard drinker. Whatever wildness Poe may have shown while a student in Virginia had disappeared at the date of this acquaintance, and his bearing was that of a quiet and refined gentleman. Mr. Stuart said his manner was shy and that he was never garrulous. He would smile as he related how Poe was wont to declaim "The Raven" in a singsong tone. While not especially attracted by Poe's prose writings, nevertheless for his versification he had the greatest admiration and could quote whole poems. He would sometimes quote "Annabel Lee" and contrast it with Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and analyze them in an effort to locate the charm.

He was on pleasant terms with James Fenimore Cooper, whose works he delighted reading. He contributed to the Knickerbocker Magazine and knew Lewis Gaylord Clark, its editor, George H. Colton, the poet, (who died in early life leaving the poem "Tecumseh" a forerunner of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"); Lewis Tappan; the versatile and charming Christopher P. Cranch and the courtly William Betts, whose delightful country seat, "Merriwood", revealed at once the scholar and the aristocrat. Nor must there be omitted from these friends the name of Andrew Jackson Downing, who yielded his life to save that of a stranger, when the burning of the Hudson River steamboat "Henry Clay" occurred, and whose career of only thirty-seven years bears out the saying, "To Genius belongs the Hereafter", for that Genius lives to-day in the landscape gardening environing our National Capitol, and in many of the beautiful estates along the Hudson.

September 4, 1849, Mr. Stuart married, in New York City, Miss Margaret Elizabeth Dunbar, born in Worthington, Conn., May 28, 1826. She was the daughter of Daniel Dunbar and Katharine Chauncey Goodrich. Samuel G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") was the uncle of Mrs. Homer H. Stuart and cordial intercourse existed between Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Stuart. Often did Mr. Goodrich con-

sult him in the preparation of his works and notably in his last work, "The Illustrated Animal Kingdom", in two volumes—a work which has had few equals for popular reading and reference.

Adjoining Mr. Stuart's country place was a small farm. Its owner—a very aged colored man—was called "Barkalow". He was of the best type of the pure blooded African, full six feet, straight, well proportioned; his very dark countenance surmounted by snowy wool and revealing, when he smiled, beautiful teeth. He had been brought from Africa in childhood soon after the Revolutionary War and while yet a young man had purchased his freedom. For many years he had followed the vocation of supplying the New York market with wild fowl shot on the salt marshes and bays, and at last by dint of economy had paid for this demesne of a dozen or so acres. With the aid of his grandson he tilled successfully and lived comfortably.

Sunday afternoons Mr. Stuart would stroll over to see "Barkalow", and would lean against the old rail fence listening to his discourse. He enjoyed hearing him discuss the phenomena of Nature of which the aged man had been an acute and accurate observer. "Barkalow's" description of life on the "Salt Meadows" was often a topic and fascinated Mr. Stuart who loved those beautiful expanses fringing the Southern shore of "Seawanhaka", the Montauk Indian name for Long Island. "Barkalow" related how out upon the broad meadow he had erected a comfortable wigwam thatched both wall and top with driftweed gathered from bleached winrow defining the vanguard line of the new moon tide. It had a hearth and a couch of meadow hay. In graphic language he recounted the calm that came over him when the hunting of the day had ended and he and the retriever had returned to the humble roof. How he would prepare the evening meal and then lie down to be lulled by a cricket choir chirping in the thatch of the wigwam. How, when wakeful, he would lie watching the fitful gleam of the fire and note the whimpering of wild fowl, winging through the night, while from afar came the booming of the Atlantic, Deep calleth unto Deep. "There I felt never lonely". As he talked thus, in well chosen speech, it was hard indeed to realize that he was unlettered. Mr. Stuart often said, "'Barkalow' was a poet", and a true attachment existed between them.

Another "dusky" neighbor was "Aunt Mary Crummell", mother of the Reverend Alexander Crummell, who was graduated at Cambridge, England, took orders in the Church of England, and went to Liberia where he officiated for years and where "Aunt Mary" died. Later he returned and was rector of St. Luke's,

Washington, D. C. In 1883 both he and Mr. Stuart were at Saratoga and the Reverend Mr. Crummell conducted the evening service.

Allusion to "Barkalow" and Alexander Crummell summons to mind the Anti-Slavery Agitation. A member of the Stuart family had migrated to Virginia and acquired slaves. In 1799 this Stuart liberated his slaves and to make sure that their freedom never would be taken away, sent them to Londonderry, N. H. "Aunt Flora" and her "pickaninnies", "George Washington", "Isaiah" and "Salona", made the long journey from "Dixie Land", grew up, lived useful, happy lives in this quiet hamlet, and, in the fulness of time, one after another, passed away. Aged citizens of Londonderry spoke of them with affection as they recounted the friendship of yore and the tender ministrations of their mother "Aunt Flora" in the sick room. Beneath New Hampshire's turf rest the little band of loyal, law-abiding freedmen and the marbles erected by the town perpetuate the memory of the love in which "Aunt Flora" and "Miss Salona Stuart" were held. Gloaming shrouds the events of one hundred years ago and has obscured the Christian name of their emancipator. But, like the manumission granted centuries earlier by "The Dying Norman Baron", the memory of his righteous action lives—

"Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again."

Dislike of Slavery was to be expected of a scion of these Londonderry Stuarts, one born in Vermont, the first State that formally abolished slavery, and this was true in Mr. Stuart's case. He realized it while witnessing slave auctions at Richmond, Virginia. He never forgot the painful emotion then experienced on beholding the sundering of families. Still, on his return to the North, he did not feel debarred from taking part in the local political disputes of New York State, even though he could not blind himself to the fact that the question as to abolition of Slavery in every one of the States must some day be faced by the nation.

His abrupt withdrawal from politics was due to an incident in 1844. An Abolitionist came to Lockport. Mr. Stuart strolled in with some companions to hear the address. The speaker was wanting in tact and offended the audience. An uproar drowned his words every time he tried to plead his cause, but his attempts to resume were pathetic. The outrageous treatment accorded the speaker aroused Mr. Stuart's love of fair play. He went to the platform, and being well known, there was immediate si-

lence. He said in effect that this was a land of free speech and implored the unruly ones to refrain and to grant this man free speech. To the shame of the times the plea was scorned and Mr. Stuart departed from the hall. As he passed through the doorway the local "boss" sneeringly remarked, "You have been a fool to-night and you've ended all your political hopes".

Depressed on account of this incident, recognizing that neither Whig nor Democratic party had courage to face the paramount moral issue, but not prepared to ally himself with the Extremists termed "Liberty Party Men", he absented himself from the political field for a long period. Myron H. Clark, as candidate for Governor of New York in 1854, led varied Anti-Slavery cohorts into the Republican Party. To the support of this party unifying Northern sentiment against the aggression of the Pro-Slavery Party, he came with the earnestness that might have been predicted as the outcome of his long deliberation upon the question at issue.

The "Peculiar Institution" as it was euphemistically termed, had been viewed by Mr. Stuart in its own home land. He had had opportunity to regard it in its best and worst aspects while in the heyday of its existence. A time so far away, dim, traditional, that to the generation of the present day its atmosphere is mere ether. He had seen plantations conducted on the plan of "Swallow Barn", near Richmond, with masters like Frank Merewether, cultivated, intelligent men, kind and indulgent to the slaves, who returned their master's care with love and reverence. On such plantations as these the conditions were superficially almost a justification of the "Institution". Here the bondman first saw the light of day. Here he passed his life. Here he loitered or labored pretty much as humor served, a mere child in simplicity and insouciance, with never a thought of the morrow, coming to equality at last beneath the ancient oaks not far from another resting place—

"Where de ivy am a creepin'
O'er de grassy mound;
Dar ole Massa am a sleepin'
Sleepin' in de cold, cold ground."

As against this aspect of the "Institution" in its most benign form on these arcadian plantations of Virginia was to be contrasted the ever present possibility that death of the kind master or his insolvency might send these helpless thralls to the Slave Block. That meant sundered home ties and banishment to the dreary cotton fields of Alabama or Texas or to the pestilential sugar cane fields of Louisiana, where the new owner was often an absentee and where the remorseless driver flourished the lash.

Nay there were wrongs even darker if possible. Pennsylvania had enacted that slavery should be abolished but unprincipled slave owners were suspected of having sold secretly to dealers below the "Line", these poor creatures who had attained their freedom. Every freeman of color in some of the Southern States stood in peril of bondage. Some trifling charge might be lodged against him by an evil-minded person. His conviction would follow as a matter of course, and, unable to pay the fine, his sale for a term of years would take place and the buyer could remove him whither he pleased to some distant state where he could never prove his right to freedom.

In this latter aspect the "Institution" stood revealed in all its hideous reality. Mr. Stuart had seen both aspects and understood the matter thoroughly. All the arguments of its sincerest advocates had been listened to by him. Believing, as he did, in the right of every human being to freedom, it is sufficient to say of these arguments that they did not appeal to him. What they were, it is needless to rehearse. The arbitrament of the most decisive war of modern times, has consigned them to oblivion.

To touch, save by allusion, on that tense John Brown period, October 16th to December 2d, 1859, would be inadvisable. The gaze of all the nations focused on that Shenandoah Valley court room, Arnold Winkelried re-embodied in "Ossawatimie" Brown, the old man's composure before that tribunal, his sudden halt to imprint that kiss on the infant, his steadfast tread as he mounted that scaffold, flanked by thousands of Virginia's soldiers, while men of the time, kneeling in the Northern churches at the moment of his soul's flight, were looking beyond that scaffold and its swaying burden into the "dim unknown" of the future—all these accounts more appropriately can be read elsewhere.

It is not surprising that Mr. Stuart was very deeply moved. And yet none more thoroughly than he was aware that cold justice demanded life for life. The logic which impels communities into actions repugnant to the feelings was here exemplified. Is it a matter of wonder that he, a man of the time, a Northern man of Puritan lineage whose forebears had fought at Bothwell Brigg and endured at "Undaunted Londonderry", made an address relative to John Brown pervaded by intense feeling? Have not the nations given a place to John Brown in the Eternal Hall of Fame?

He spoke frequently in the memorable campaign of 1860 for Lincoln and during the Civil War never faltered in his support of the government. Next to Lincoln he admired the whole-souled devotion of Secretary Stanton to the Northern Cause.

The last time he voted at a Presidential election was when with his two sons he cast his ballot for Garfield. He had known Garfield personally for a long time. Owing to a change of residence, he lost the privilege of voting for the Blaine and Logan electors, greatly to his regret, as he was an admirer of Blaine's broad views of American Policy and was well acquainted with General Logan.

With the election of Garfield, however, he regarded the three Constitutional Amendments and the Reconstruction Legislation as beyond the danger of repeal. That, as all this was the final summing up of the war pledged by the flower of the Nation's blood, the North and West would never consent to abrogation. He believed that during Garfield's Administration the public mind would turn from contemplation of the War Era to a discussion of new issues of a nature essentially different, and yet in spite of his strong attachment to the Republican Party during the dark days of the Rebellion he was too broad-minded to be thereafter at all times and ever a mere party man. Thus in 1876, although he voted against Samuel J. Tilden, he nevertheless voted for Lucius Robinson, Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, and again for him in 1879, and in 1882 he voted for Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill when the latter were candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. His view of the Tariff Question was that while Free Trade was theoretically correct, yet in consequence of the disturbances in the Nation's affairs resulting from the war, that it was, at this period, neither important nor expedient to establish it. "Only through Protection can we reach Free Trade. When the United States is ready for it and not till then shall we have it". He was not especially alarmed regarding the tendency toward Centralization of Power at Washington for he held that the Supreme Court in its interpretation of the Constitution would check encroachment upon the reserved powers of the States and likewise that this august tribunal of the Nation would curb the corporations. He passed away before the enactment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Statute of the 51st Congress, but the principles therein enunciated would have met, it is believed, his approval. As already remarked, an accident in 1884 debarred him from voting for Blaine and Logan. Still, the reflection that the War Legislation was at last firmly knitted, enabled him to regard Blaine's defeat as far less serious than would have been the defeat of Garfield four years earlier. He could not restrain, however, an expression of regret that a coincidence of happenings, trifling in themselves, should have led to the setting aside of the candidate possessing in pre-eminent degree fitness for the Presidential chair.

At Washington, where during the 60's and 70's he passed much time, he belonged to a group which used to gravitate together in an unpremeditated manner at the Ebbitt House and in later times at the Arlington Hotel. Among these may be recalled the witty, genial Henry Martyn Slade; Francis E. Woodbridge; Judge Mark Skinner of Chicago; Generals William T. Sherman, Alpheus S. Williams of Michigan, Henry M. Whittelsey of the Freedman's Bureau, and Benjamin F. Butler of Lowell, Mass.; Edward J. Phelps (later commissioned by Cleveland as Minister to England), James M. Ashley of Ohio, James H. Saville and ex-Governor John Wolcott Stewart of Vermont.

In these gatherings were narrated many anecdotes of men and stories of events in Washington. One of these events occurred in the Senate soon after Lincoln had issued his first call for volunteers. A Senator was speaking. His speech was irritating to Unionists and while speaking Edward D. Baker, Senator from Oregon, entered. Baker, a very handsome man, was in the full uniform of a Colonel of the Federal Army and had come to bid farewell to his fellow Senators ere leaving for the field. At the close of the speech, Baker arose, made an impetuous reply, and left the Senate Chamber forever. Not long after he fell while leading his regiment at Ball's Bluff.

One of the anecdotes was the following: After the war an elderly man on horseback was observed on a summer afternoon approaching Arlington. In front of the mansion he dismounted. He did not enter the house but stood for several minutes gazing across the Potomac at the City of Washington. His hands were clasped and he was in a deep revery. Presently he turned and gazed steadily at the mansion and its surroundings. Then remounting his horse he slowly retraced his course with bowed head. Two gentlemen standing not far from the road and engaged in conversation had witnessed his approach and when he re-passed them they recognized the lone horseman as the Great Commander of the Southern Army, Robert E. Lee! It was his farewell to Arlington, unheralded and without ostentation.

One evening in the lobby of the Ebbitt House a new comer passed the group and went to the desk. He wore a broad brim hat but his soldierly bearing could not be disguised by the plain dress with not a vestige of uniform. Struck by his strong face and modest demeanor, Mr. Stuart inquired who this man was. "That is General George H. Thomas", was the reply. It was a great satisfaction to Mr. Stuart catching this glimpse of the Hero of Chickamauga for whom he had the greatest admiration.



I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong, all that is past.
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes—no less than stars
Lead after Him.

Mr. Stuart's trips to Washington were frequent and his sojourns were often protracted and he used from time to time, when leisure granted, visit the galleries of the Senate and House and listen to the proceedings. He was enabled thereby to form his own estimate of the various members, an estimate which did not always correspond with the Public Press estimate. He rated Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin as the most brilliant of the Senators and the sly humor which Carpenter directed upon the labored flights of Charles Sumner—humor entirely lost by Sumner—caused Mr. Stuart great amusement. Another whom he rated as an eminently practical legislator was Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, the father of the "Tree Claim Homestead Act". Another rated highly was a Southerner, James E. Bailey of Tennessee, and the same may be said of the two Senators from Nevada, John P. Jones and William M. Stewart, particularly the latter with the breezy manner of the pioneer pervading all his acts.

In the House he reviewed many of eminent ability, especially Thaddeus Stevens, Ashley of Ohio, and Garfield. It is recalled that in 1885 he referred to Steven B. Elkins, then a Territorial Delegate, in terms of commendation and stated that he possessed a very high order of ability. It was a class re-union address delivered by Elkins at the Missouri College where Elkins graduated that drew forth Mr. Stuart's approval years before the former came into the U. S. Senate, in which his influence has been potent.

Although he mingled with men of public station during a long period of years, he himself had a disinclination for office. He took an active interest when a principle was being considered by the voters, but not with a view of recognition of these efforts. In one of the National Campaigns he was very efficient and at its close Governor Morgan, the Republican Campaign Manager, sent for him and asked what office he expected and was astonished when Mr. Stuart quietly replied, "I expect none whatever".

His tastes were scholarly. He kept up his reading in Greek and Latin throughout his life and not a day passed that he did not read a chapter in the pocket Greek Testament which he carried with him everywhere, as the following anecdote confirms:

Augustus D. Shepard, Esq., an official of a Bank Note Company located in New York, relates that once in Washington finding it of importance to consult with Mr. Stuart upon a matter affecting the mutual interests of the various Bank Note Companies under the U. S. Treasury regulations, late one hot Saturday night sought that gentleman at the Arlington, found him still sitting under the gas-light engaged in reading, although in robe du nuit, while the breeze from the window played with his waving silver hair. The matter discussed required but a few moments. Mr. Shepard when leaving expressed his regret for disturbing Mr. Stuart at such an hour. Mr. Stuart, with a twinkle in his eye, asked: "How is it, Mr. Shepard, that you depart from your rule not to deal with business matters on the Sabbath?" "Oh!" rejoined Mr. Shepard, "It is still ten minutes to midnight". "But", he added, "let me ask with what absorbing book are you closing the week"? And, upon an assenting motion from Mr. Stuart, lifted the book to find it was the little Greek Testament. Mr. Stuart's eyes twinkled still brighter as he said, "Shepard, I do not find any men who need to read the Testament more than we Bank Note people"!

He studied Bimetallism deeply and it had in him an ardent believer. In one of the summaries of his reading on the use of gold and silver as money, written in 1837, occurs the phrase, "Sixteen to One". Apparently this *proportion* was not unknown to people discussing Free Coinage sixty years before the Silver Campaign of 1896!

His lectures and occasional essays were models of clearness. One of these essays, "The Soul", was given after his death to a friend, who read it and remarked, "If I could count on hearing such a sermon as that I would go to church every Sunday".

His wide range of reading, not alone in English, but also in French, which he read with ease, kept him fully informed to the developments of Science and the theories of its exponents. Darwin, Alfred Russel Wallace in Malaysia, Henry Walter Bates on the Amazon, Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer in their respective fields received careful attention. Layard at Nineveh and the Rawlinsons in Babylonia; writers on electricity, astronomy and chemistry—all these were reviewed with thoroughness. In his latest days he came to the conclusion that the Darwinian Theory of Evolution was not established. He seemed more disposed to accept the Theory of Design so far as the Animal Kingdom was concerned. This

conclusion in nowise interfered with his admiration of Darwin as a minute observer and the leading books of Darwin were in his library. Many times did he read the "Voyage of a Naturalist in H. M. S. Beagle".

In spite of the fascination with which Science appealed to him, he insisted that the Classics, both Ancient and Modern, ought not to be neglected and that broad scholarship could not be acquired by the mere perusal of works upon Science.

His inclination was for the chair of the scholar, there to meditate the themes appealing to philosophers. He had firmness to resist the call of this pleasing avocation and subordinate it to the duties of his chosen vocation for which he had great capacity. In temperaments like his, where on equal balance poise the scales of scholarship and administrative ability, occur display of moods beyond those of the ordinary individual. Such combination of intellect and executive power is marked ever by moods and these varying moods invested Mr. Stuart's personality with a charm which, although perceived by all, nevertheless baffled analysis. He would have adorned the position of college president.

His sense of humor was keen and he could take a facetious remark as well as utter one. Joseph H. Choate came up one day during a recess in court and observed, "I have always wondered whether your full name is Homer Hesiod Stuart or Homer Herodotus Stuart". This whimsicality appealed to Mr. Stuart and he joined in the general mirth, which the sally provoked. Once a clergyman after conversing with him finally asked, "What is your business"? Mr. Stuart's eyes twinkled, as he regarded the inquisitive dominie, and in a spirit of mischief he replied, "I am engaged in printing". He was then president of a Bank Note Company, so that this was a true answer to the question as put. Had it been, "What is your profession"?—and doubtless "profession" and not "business" was the word intended—his answer would have been different. Another time while crossing the office of the Arlington Hotel at Washington, a passing individual, whom he did not know, halted and said, "How are you, Judge"? Whereupon Mr. Stuart calmly replied, "I am neither a Judge nor a Colonel", and moved on. A household bill written in an illegible hand came in from A. T. Stewart's dry goods establishment. Unable to decipher the hieroglyphics, he returned it, first pencilling across the face, "This bill seems to charge me with 'one bottle of rum and parts of several others'."

The Village Literary Union scheduled him for a lecture and he chose as his topic, "What of the Workingman?". Ex-Governor John A. King presided. The audience was dignified. Everything

boded an attentive group of listeners. The lecture was proceeding smoothly when an utterance tinged with an inimitable Milesian brogue was heard in one of the front rows. "Sound Mor-rality"! Directing his eyes to the speaker Mr. Stuart recognized Father Farley, the Catholic priest, and saw moreover that he was uttering this audible allocution in sincerity. Continuing the lecture, these "Sound-Mor-ralities" came at intervals but grasping the humor of the situation he kept on to the close.

The lecture was not intended to have a humorous flavor. There was no doubt however that "Sound-Mor-rality" imparted to it such a flavor and Mr. Stuart and his friends never could recall that evening without "inextinguishable laughter".

It appeared that the Reverend Father, noticing the title of the lecture, apprehended that its sentiments might reflect upon members of his flock. So he hied himself to the hall prepared for combat and the great relief at the sentiments which fell upon his ears led him then and there to evince his approval of their "Sound-Mor-rality".

His country place was a Mecca for friends and a never ceasing delight to him. One season he planted a few acres in grain for the sole purpose of reaping it by Virgilian precepts. He watched its daily growth till the wheat ripened and then had a man cut it with a sickle, binding the sheaves as he went along. It was indeed picturesque—idyllic—but before the reaper finished his task a great proportion of the kernels shelled out, leaving little to carry to the quaint old grist mill at the foot of the millpond. A flock of ducks waddled out from the barnyard to the stubble and quacked gleefully for days thereafter gleaning in this latter day field of Boaz. The whole performance was amusing to Mr. Stuart and to his friends, but was beyond the comprehension of the hard-headed farmers of the vicinage, who simply could not understand such farming.

A pleasant reminiscence is the recollection of Mr. Stuart seated in a Windsor chair on the piazza of his country residence after supper one summer evening, calmly smoking a long reed-stemmed Indian pipe, while a tame crow perched on his shoulder was gabbling to him in a low confidential tone, once in a while gently tweaking his ear or reaching down to pull the pencil from his coat pocket. Finally Mr. Stuart stroked the bird's glossy feathers and said "Goodnight Dick. Go to bed". Whereupon with a final croak and giving a flit to his plumage the bird flew to a pine tree for the night.

On the place grew a hundred cherry trees or more, and one Fourth of July invitations were sent to all the children of the neigh-

borhood to attend a "Cherry Party". When assembled he selected an old "Ox Heart" growing where it interfered with the carriage-way, and directed that it be felled. The excitement and delight of the little ones was intense as the tree and its beautiful burden of fruit slowly toppled over and with shouts they scrambled through the branches till not a cherry remained.

He was very kind to little children. The Bank Note Company of which he was president, was located in Greenwich Street, and the engineer in the basement one sultry afternoon had trouble with the children who teased him by dropping things through the grating. Mr. Stuart stepped out, assembled the little ones, and explained that he felt sure they did not really intend to be annoying. Then he closed by telling them to go to the candy store down on Liberty Street, where he sent a clerk to order ice cream. With enthusiastic cries they rushed away and presently could be seen seated on doorsteps, each child occupied with a cone of ice cream resting on brown paper. They never troubled the engineer after that request of Mr. Stuart.

He felt sympathy for young men who aimed at professional careers, and in quiet ways he aided by securing them positions in the Bank Note Company, while they pursued their studies out of hours. Mindful of the earlier years of his own professional life, he tried always to distribute the legal work of the company so that a share of it would reach the struggling practitioner—"giving him a chance". The invisible barrier said to stand between generations seemed in his case to have been removed and the distinction which difference of age usually interposes between individuals was scarcely perceptible in his intercourse with the younger generation.

Mr. Stuart was regular in his church attendance. He attended the Congregational Church known as the Broadway Tabernacle presided over by Rev. Dr. Thompson and subsequently by the learned Rev. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock. After the latter withdrew to become president of Union Theological Seminary, Mr. Stuart attended the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue and 37th Street for many years during the pastorates of Rev. Drs. J. O. Murray and Llewellyn D. Bevan. With the latter his friendship was strong. He admired his scholarly mind, the eloquence of his sermons and the untiring devotion that he gave to the church and regretted his return to England. When absent from New York he attended whatever church proved convenient irrespective of denomination.

Another characteristic was the purity of his language. He did not use profane expressions and this is the more notable as his natural temper was hasty. Nor had he any tolerance for low anecdotes. He was charitable in his judgments and if he could find no

good to speak of a man, would pass the matter in silence. He disliked the term "Nigger" and its employment as a term of reproach by white people he regarded recoiling on themselves, rather than on the colored brother at whom it was directed.

In the country the family went, storm or shine, to the village church. Returning home after the service Mr. Stuart would start early in the afternoon for the Sunday walk through the woods with his family and quite likely several of his children's little friends would come also. These were delightful expeditions whether in winter or summer. Nothing was without interest to him on these rambles.

In spring time and summer took place those thrilling navigations of the leaky old flat-bottomed skiff on the mill-pond across the field of water lilies at its upper end to the impassable jungle where the red-winged blackbirds chattered at the intruders.

In the beautiful October afternoons came those strolls through the fields. Pausing by the tall chestnut standing on the selva of the woodland and taking off his coat he would pick out a burr cluster and throw at it a stout stick with a whirling motion that deftly rapped the limb in passing and drove a shower of nuts from the gaping burrs.

In the winter the explorations led into the frozen swamps inaccessible at other seasons. Their secrets were exposed. At a pool covered with ice, clear as a window pane, he would look through and call attention to the activities in that quiet spot. The dace darting to and fro when the shadow fell across their ken. The caddice larvae dragging behind them their "huts" built of bits of wood or of tiny particles of quartz—in short the varied life fulfilling its destiny beneath the shelter of this icy roof oblivious of the wintry rigor above. Sometimes a muskrat house was reconnoitred and a few thumps on the top of this would send its denizens scurrying along their water paths beneath the ice for refuge elsewhere. Once these evicted ones were avenged when their disturber slipped through an air hole and had a cold bath. How he laughed as he extricated himself with glowing face and retreated to build a rousing fire on terra firma!

He possessed a most varied, comprehensive store of information, but in utilizing it he never made a pedantic display. His speech was lucid, whether addressed to a companion or to an assemblage. Indeed and indeed was his "summing up" at the end of a trial a pleasure to the auditors! The clear, flexible tones. The graceful opening. The cogent reasoning, lightened with unexpected flashes of humor. Ordinarily thirty or forty minutes sufficed for his argument even though the trial had lasted several days. In

that interval he laid before the jurymen his client's cause, holding their attention and winning their verdict. Conversant by thoroughness of preparation with every detail of his cause, wasting no time on non-essentials, he riveted the attention of court and jury. Moreover, he refused to undertake an action when he deemed the client was not morally in the right.

He possessed foremost ability as a lawyer but his efforts as a peacemaker often cut short a promising action, for he would bring the opposing sides together and a settlement would result. It was reported that one of his clients, an exceedingly rich man, sent him instructions to draft a will which Mr. Stuart perceived would disinherit a daughter. He summoned the client and told him bluntly he would not draw such an unrighteous will. The client went off and in a fury told several of his friends. The rebuke, however, had not been thrown away. After the man's death it was found he had not disinherited.

With his brothers at the bar his intercourse was marked by dignity and good feeling. If, however, his opponent grew overbearing, Mr. Stuart was quite capable of giving a hint tinged with irony that would bring him within bounds at once.

Charles O'Connor's capabilities as a lawyer were rated as extraordinary by Mr. Stuart. Mr. O'Connor told him that once he dropped all work for four months and without referring to a book planned an intricate will for a client. During that time his thoughts were concentrated upon this subject. When satisfied he wrote out the document. As an instance of O'Connor's keen mind he mentioned O'Connor's argument in the noted case of *Manice vs. Manice* in the Court of Appeals. He was one day reading a legal opinion of one of the judges with whom O'Connor was unfriendly and at the end was written (the book belonging in O'Connor's library) in the handwriting of O'Connor, "The reasoning would support the converse". The two would often drift away from legal matters and discuss topics relating to theories of government, religion, &c.

One of these conversations turned upon Papal Infallibility. Mr. Stuart propounded the following query, substantially as follows: "Mr. O'Connor, you are a lawyer and represent one side of an action. Your opponent is likewise a lawyer and represents the other side of the action. Neither of you agree and the cause is tried before another lawyer, namely a judge sitting at Special Term. He decides in your favor. Your adversary appeals to the General Term composed of three more lawyers. They divide and two of them unite in an opinion reversing the decision of the judge at Special Term while the third General Term judge dissents and delivers an opinion sustaining your judgment. From the entry of the

General Term judgment of reversal you appeal to the Court of Appeals and there again the seven judges stand four to three in favor of reversing the General Term and sustaining the Special Term. Your opponent petitions for a re-argument. Assume as an extreme instance that the petition is granted and the Court of Appeals on the re-argument changes its position and stands four to three in favor of sustaining the General Term. Now if the eleven judges, men of profound reasoning powers, who passed upon the question at issue were so perplexed and shifted their position how can you ascribe infallibility of judgment to one man?"

Mr. O'Connor hesitated some time and finally replied, "When I am sick I call in a doctor and take his advice."

A trait that impressed Mr. Stuart was the deep sense of obligation O'Connor manifested when a favor had been extended. He never forgot a favor. Mr. Stuart heard casually through an acquaintance that a gentleman named Lamberton living in 1860 near Pensacola had been of service to O'Connor. Lamberton was an outspoken Unionist and upon the secession of Florida was mobbed and driven away, losing all his property. O'Connor, however, considered that the favor had not been paid and upon the death of Lamberton he invited the latter's son to study law in his office and showed real interest in the young man. Many times he had him come to Nantucket to visit him and finally bequeathed to him a valuable law library containing all the reports from the earliest date in New York State down to the period of Mr. O'Connor's retirement to Nantucket.

O'Connor's headquarters were on the top story of Brown Brothers' Building in Wall Street and one could see him seated in an arm-chair at the end of the corridor, eyes shut, motionless, apparently wrapped in slumber. Deceptive pose! He was thinking—thinking. His name did not appear on the Brown Building office directory for he hated to be bothered with clients. His nature was a strange compound. His intensity of conviction as to the law in a case wherein his interest was aroused was so great that he could not yield his opinion. His argumentative processes proceeded upon rectilinear lines that were never bent by what (for want of a better term) we may denominate human refraction. Too proud to allow for this refraction, where these lines encountered the atmosphere of inferior reasoners, he sometimes failed while the lines of his more wily antagonists centred effectively at a lower plane. Herein the worldly wisdom of David Dudley Field surpassed him in Mr. Stuart's opinion and the latter spoke on this point from an acquaintance of many years with both Field and O'Connor.

The judges of the New York City Courts aroused little interest in his mind. There was a feeling that their task was easy—merely making choice of the arguments that represented the days of thought and research of the advocates. Then again, when he came back to the bar, after nearly twenty years, with the exception of his old friend, Charles P. Daly, Judge of the Common Pleas, there was scarcely a judge of the Ante-bellum era on the bench. Toward the Court of Appeals he felt very differently for he regarded its personnel during the period 1879 to 1885 as equal to the Supreme Court at Washington.

As remarked before, he had the highest ability for conducting litigation, but he was called, from the bar, as so many lawyers are, into the management of corporations and in the 60's became president of the Continental Bank Note Company.

Upon taking the presidency of this corporation he proceeded with the thoroughness, which was a characteristic of his nature, to acquaint himself with every detail of its highly technical business. The business was about as different from the legal work to which he had been accustomed as could be imagined. But its difficulties did not daunt him and as steadily as possible he systematized the affairs of the company. Before a great while it was possible for him on sitting down at his desk in the morning to tell immediately just what the condition had been at the close of the previous day. Schedules showed the operations proceeding in each room of the main building, as well as those in buildings located elsewhere. These schedules gave the name and residence of every individual in these rooms whether superintendent or humble errand boy. Moreover he made it known that he was accessible to each and all and whenever any employe came to him he listened carefully. This course prevented misunderstandings and the concern was unusually free from labor difficulties. Once or twice during business depression wages and salaries were reduced, but every employee knew that Mr. Stuart's salary had been reduced at his own instance in the same percentage. This open-handed treatment rendered them thoroughly loyal and it was very seldom that he had trouble with his employees.

The period fell in that extravagant era which marked the Civil War and one of the first things he did was to ascertain the exact cost to the corporation of each class of work. To accomplish this it was necessary to examine groups of computations furnished by engravers, platemen, &c. All these were carefully verified by him and, when their accuracy was established beyond a doubt, were tabulated. With these expense factors ascertained, the corporation relied no longer on the earlier hap-hazard methods

but knew exactly what it was doing when a bid was offered for work. Sometimes, of course, it failed to be a successful bidder but one could venture to guess that the successful rival would find meagre profit on the transaction.

The bookkeeping was an improvement over the methods then too generally prevalent and it was possible for the directors at their meetings to have immediate answer to any question they might ask while figuring on some prospective bid. This was indeed essential for the corporation was carrying out contracts of great moment where the variation of a cent might represent serious loss. In those days the currency of the United States was not engraved and printed entirely at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The five-dollar bills and postage stamps for instance were engraved and printed by the Continental Bank Note Company in New York City under the supervision of inspectors sent from Washington. The regulations imposed were of the most rigid nature. Every sheet of paper had to be accounted for as well as every plate. It was a most interesting sight to watch the operations and view the blank sheet slide into place, the plate descend and rise instantly revealing four fresh "Vs" on the sheet which then passed to a neighboring press, to receive the imprint of the reverse. The ink used was most carefully selected and down in the basement was an "ink grinder" in which these peculiar gummy inks, red, blue, green, yellow and black, then used in this sort of work, were being treated. Mr. Stuart noted how closely these inks resembled paint and gave directions to have the residue, which was scraped from the plates while in operation, turned each day into a cask. In the course of time this was filled with a blend of all the colors used in printing the output of the establishment. The cask was then sent to the country and its entire contents used in painting the barn. The effect was surprising and exceedingly pleasant to the eye and the painting lasted over thirty years.

A faculty of aid to him in the supervision of the Bank Note Company's operations lay in a peculiarity of eyesight. From the age of eighteen he was dependent upon spectacles, but when he read, or examined objects at close range, he would push the glasses above his eyebrows and hold the book or other object about four inches from his eyes. He would do this in light that for most people was too dim for distinct vision. Per contra he could turn his gaze directly at the sun without especial discomfort. Sometimes he would take an engraved bond or certificate of stock or a United States bill and after a moment's scrutiny tell the name of the man who had engraved the plate. Yet his eyes, except while he was engaged in this examination had no marked appearance of near-

sightedness. It was doubtless due to this critical faculty supplemented by his natural artistic discrimination in selecting the subjects that the steel engraved vignettes prepared for the Continental Bank Note Company were brought to so high a standard of beauty and appropriateness that no advance has been made since that time. The so-called "Process Work" of the present day, by virtue of cheapness and rapidity of production, has superseded to a great extent the laborious efforts of the steel engraver.

Among the artists employed to furnish subjects for the vignettes was the talented Felix O. C. Darley and many vignettes reproducing his designs are in use to-day on engraved securities, and these Darley designs in artistic suitableness have seldom been approached and have never been excelled. Contracts were performed for the United States government; for Japan and other countries, besides printing and engraving securities for many railroads. The company's dividends to its shareholders were very satisfactory and the number of employees ran up into the hundreds.

The effect of this careful supervision of affairs was apparent on his retirement in the form of a large surplus accumulated by the company during his regime.

The engraving work executed by the Continental Bank Note Company for Japan resulted from his acquaintance with the Japanese Embassy, which visited Washington in 1870. He met Count Jushie Hirobumi Ito there and enjoyed a very pleasant intercourse with him and other members of this Embassy. It was strongly urged that Mr. Stuart and his wife should come to Japan and make a visit, but Mr. Stuart, who was not a good traveler by sea, could not bring himself to undertake the long voyage across the Pacific Ocean. These pleasant relations with the Japanese of high rank continued for years and many of them were welcome visitors at his home. All were polished, courteous gentlemen, and some, for instance, Sinichiro Kurino, the Minister at St. Petersburg, Russia, (at the outbreak of the late war between Japan and Russia), and Marquis Ito whose assassination in Korea has lately shocked the world, have written their names on History's Tablet.

In 1879 he withdrew from the Bank Note Company to resume the practice of his profession and was engrossed therein when suddenly the summons came for him to rest from his earthly tasks.

On the morning of October 5, 1885, he read awhile after breakfast in the little Greek Testament and placing the marker closed it—for the last time. Then he went down town and attended the opening Fall Session of the Supreme Court. After finishing his duties there he walked to his office, just opposite the old Emerson office where half a century earlier he first looked out upon Wall

Street. It is recalled that he gazed some time in silence across the street at the old building. Then saying he felt weary and would return home, he started to depart and expired before reaching the sidewalk. Looking at the Testament that evening it was seen he had been reading the Twelfth Chapter of St. Luke. Years have rolled away, but the marker still is kept where this gifted and sincere man, this "loved and loving husband, father, friend", left it on that bright October morn.

The letters which follow are selected from many referring to Mr. Stuart and reveal the impression he made upon these friends:

Arnoux, Ritch & Woodford,
18 Wall Street,

New York, 6th October, 1885.

Dear Stuart—I was very deeply shocked this morning on learning that your father was no more. Only yesterday, I looked at him again and again and thought how sturdy he seemed, when I saw him in court.

Be assured you have my heartiest sympathy in this hour of your sorrow.

Yours, &c.,

BRADFORD W. HITCHCOCK.

Rooms 10, 11 and 12,
Glover Building,
1419 F St., N. W.

Law Offices of
James H. Saville,
Frederick A. Starring.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 10th, 1885.

Inglis Stuart, Esq.,
63 Wall St., N. Y.

My Dear Inglis—Your favor of 8th inst. came this morning. I saw the notice of your father's death in The Tribune and we were shocked beyond measure. It was so sudden, and he seemed in such excellent health and buoyant spirits only three days before when I saw him. Will you kindly convey to your mother, brother and sisters my sincere and heartfelt sympathy as well as that of my wife for your sad bereavement. You can well understand how keenly we feel for you, as you know we have always held him in the highest esteem. I do not think the death of anyone out of our own immediate family would have touched us so nearly. My wife wants his picture. Can you not procure and send me a good one?

In the midst of our grief we have one consolation. He was a man of noble qualities of head and heart, whom all respected and those admired most who knew him best. He may not have left his children a fortune in mere worldly goods, but in his noble face and honorable career he has bequeathed to them a source of just pride

which wealth could not buy or mere worldly success attain. May his memory ever prove a guiding star to the feet of his children.

Remember us to your family and believe us always.

Your true friends,

JAMES H. & SUSAN SAVILLE.

Oct. 11, 1885.

Dear Inglis—The sad news of your father's death reached me yesterday, and I hasten to express my sympathy with your affliction. The suddenness of the blow must have made the bereavement all the greater, and I know you feel the irreparable loss deeply.

I shall always remember your father as a man of extraordinary presence, one of the finest looking men I have ever seen, my beau-ideal of the true Roman Senator.

I can remember him from my earliest childhood in Long Island. Remember me to Mrs. Stuart and your brother and sisters, and believe me, for weal, for woe, your friend.

MADISON GRANT.

Middlebury, Vermont, 13th October, 1885.

My Dear Cousin Margaret—I was greatly shocked at the sudden notice of Homer's death and regretted that a chapter of accidents prevented my attendance at the funeral.

I can hardly realize that Homer is dead. He was always to me the personification of manly vigor physical and mental. Such from my earliest childhood was my impression of him. He was never sick, never weak. Age did not seem to quench the fire of youth in him. His white hair fringed a face which bloomed without a wrinkle with the freshness of early prime. He never seemed old to me and in his presence I forgot the lapse of time, he was so bright and vivacious and looked so like a youth prematurely grey. What a kingly presence was his! What a winning, sensitive, generous, loyal nature he had! We who knew him best knew all this and more. He was the soul of manly honor. He was incapable of falsehood or faithlessness. He had royal endowment. Farewell my dear lost elder brother. I shall cherish early tender memories of our brotherly intercourse in these later years with never an unkind word or thought between us. I mourn with you my dear cousin and with yours. May our Heavenly Father comfort and help us all.

Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN W. STEWART.

Brick Church Parsonage,

14 East 37th Street, New York.

Dear Mrs. Stuart—I have to thank you very sincerely for your husband's "Occasional Papers". I have read them with the greatest interest. They bear, as I expected, the impress of a strong, clear, vigorous mind. But what surprises me in them is the imaginative power which gleams out everywhere in the most striking way. The contrast between the two pictures of Jacob and Saul is most remarkable in this respect.

There is a fine mingling of restraint and confidence in the paper on The Soul—an undertone of unstated argument which makes it very fascinating—*charming* is too light a word. Indeed I hardly know how to describe the peculiar effect of personality—distinct, well-poised, intensely meditative—which these papers have made upon me.

You have given me a privilege which makes me feel again and again how much cause I have to regret the loss of that yet greater privilege of personal intercourse with so *serene* and *noble* a mind.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

Nov. 4, 1885.

HENRY J. VAN DYKE, JR.

Jamaica, Nov. 11, '85.

My Dear Mrs. Stuart—Will you be so good as to ascribe my long delayed letter to anything rather than want of sympathy with you in your sorrow. When I first saw the notice of the death of Mr. Stuart I was absent at the meeting of Presbytery, and returned as soon as possible and made arrangements to present my sympathy in person. On looking over the paper I found that you had all gone to Berlin, Conn. Since that time I have been to New York but once—and then on business—returning as soon as it was over to meet an engagement in Jamaica.

But, after all, I feel that I have been neglectful and I am reproached by my seeming want of feeling. To both of us, Mrs. Lampman and myself, the death of Mr. Stuart was a great shock and a great sorrow. We loved him—as who could help loving him? To me he was especially congenial. I never was weary of watching his peculiar mental processes. He was a born philosopher—never contenting himself with the surface of things, but always unwrapping until he approached their center of beginning. Here in this very room where I am writing I remember a long talk of his on the condition of the Immortals. He had dropped in casually, and I had urged him to dine, and after dinner he climbed up to my study and there through the curling smoke discoursed of those things of which Plato and Socrates were wont to talk, and I could not help thinking that I had with me one of the philosophers of old—inspired by the later Christian Revelation. And I remember his face almost as well as his mind. I recall how the eyes began to narrow and the smile creep along the lips long before his laughter openly began. Indeed he was to me a delightful friend

and I miss him and sorrow for myself over my individual loss. How great your sorrow must be I can partially realize.

But to have known so rare a man intimately, to have been dearly loved by him, is a memory worth having and is some compensation for your loss. If the pain is sharper the memory is dearer.

Will you accept at this late day the assurances of my sympathy and regard that I do not know well how to express. For your comfort, I can only refer you to that deep conviction of an immortal life which he cherished and where I am certain you will meet him.

Affec'y yours,

LEWIS LAMPMAN.

Hartford, Conn., Oct. 5, 1885.

Our Dear Cousin Maggie—Our hearts are with you and your stricken circle in your great bereavement. We esteemed and loved Mr. Stuart as a friend and as a man. He had great gifts, and his conversation was always most pleasing and instructive. How many good talks we have had with him. How I have loved to draw him out and get at the large treasury of his information and his tho'ts. How varied his requirements and how easily and genially he was wont to express himself to friends as he sat in his easy chair and talked. I think he had a very capacious mind and very active and open to all things on all sides. I sincerely loved him and have grateful recollections of his many kindnesses to me personally. The days we have spent so pleasantly in your charming family often come up in review, and the near friendship we have shared with you all has been one of the threads of gold running thro our life since Emily first introduced me to you as her most cherished friend.

Let us think that these joys of affectionate and intimate intercourse are never to cease and that on the other side they will be renewed and exalted. I know Mr. Stuart tho't much on the great themes, and I think his departure in its suddenness was an enviable one for which I trust he was ready, as the last verses he read were timely and preparative. Don't try to *feel*—the shock which takes away the keenness of sorrow has an errand of mercy. The God of peace be with you all.

Yours affy.,

LUCIUS CURTIS.

10 Benton Avenue,
Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.

Sept. 8, 1896.

Inglis Stuart, Esq.:

My Good, Young Friend—"Much thanks" for your letter of the 6th instant. I had forgotten about the balance in my favor in the

New Amsterdam Bank; and, but for your kindness, should not have known of it. \$69 don't grow on every bush, now-a-days; and I was glad to get this addition to my slim resources. It is a great thing to have friends around.

Yes, I have had a lovely summer; everything pleasant, and the feathered biped, with his quills, has hung pendulous and elevated.

The axle-trees of time have been lubricated with the perfumed oil of roses.

It is pleasant to think, as I often do, of your most excellent father; and his kindly ways and rich discourse. I have some letters from him and some pamphlets of his, that I prize among my treasures. He was a profound thinker.

I am, with repeated thanks,

Yours sincerely,

LUTHER R. MARSH.

Sea-Lawn, (Wave Crest) Far Rockaway, L. I.

June 25, 1905.

Mr. Inglis Stuart,

69 Wall St., New York.

My Dear Mr. Stuart—The interesting Memoir of your father, contained in the "Stewart book" we have read with great pleasure. I am only sorry that my sister Mrs. Story could not have enjoyed it with us, but she is at Englewood and we are here.

Your good father was a noble man, with marked characteristics; his ability and culture made him a delightful friend. Often have I thought of him, and valued the friendship which it was my privilege to enjoy.

You may well have pride in the memory of such a father. Mrs. Brinckerhoff joins with me in love and kind remembrance to your mother.

With thanks for the book, now returned, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ELBERT A. BRINCKERHOFF.

Association of the Bar,

42 West 44th St., New York City.

27th September, 1905.

Inglis Stuart, Esquire:

Dear Mr. Stuart—I thank you very much for giving me the opportunity to read these pages in the life of Mr. Stuart, until which I had not been able to have in mind the general trend and experiences of one who has now passed from the constantly busy scenes from which Greater New York seems not likely to be soon separate. Lake George, Ticonderoga, Lockport, Middlebury, Bennington, the

War of 1812, General Andrew Jackson, the anti-slavery agitations, Ralph Waldo Emerson and his brother William, the Wall Street office, Richmond of Virginia, and the many intermediate worthies and places linked and perpetuated so evidently by traits of true Scottish descent, to a lifetime resident of the Empire State which once included Vermont, and furnish an indelible seal of "Composite Remembrance".

It is not every time our privilege, such as you have given, to take up one by one the interesting and applicable component features.

Very sincerely,

ABRAHAM V. W. VAN VECHTEN.

Washington, Nov. 23, 1908.

Inglis Stuart, Esq.,
New York City.

My Dear Inglis—I have to thank you for a copy of the new edition of "A Silver Gray's R. R. Reminiscences", which I have re-read with sincere pleasure.

What a world of memories it recalls! Memories of the old days when your father and I were in close and frequent association and correspondence both as friends and professionally.

I suppose it is natural for old men, looking backward to the "Golden Days" of their active associations and friendships, to have an assured and confident conviction that the men they knew and loved then were somehow better, finer, cleaner, more superb than those of a later generation.

However this may be, I am quite sure that I am not influenced by any such prejudice when I recall Homer H. Stuart. He was enough older than I, perhaps, to have been my father, but I do not think of him as being so. To me he was always a wise friend with whom I talked and to whom I wrote as of my own generation.

Of all the men in my catalogue of friends and associates (and you know my position in public life made me intimate with most of the leading men since and including Mr. Lincoln), Homer H. Stuart stands forth as peer of the best and greatest, in all the qualities that go to make the prince among men. His character and personality alone marked his high lineage more surely than all the Herald's Colleges on earth could have done.

I knew him in times of stress and storm; under conditions and circumstances that would have developed in most men ugly qualities, but I can truly say that in every situation he was always the man and gentleman; master of himself, and thus master of others. I recall him with the greatest affection and reverence, and in our home his name is a household word for all that constitutes the model of manhood and attractiveness. His children cannot revere his memory more than do mine.

Again thanking you for the pamphlet, as well as the portrait of your mother, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

JAMES H. SAVILLE.

NOTE—The letter which follows was written by one who had a prominent role in the annals of our political life. Through his clear-sightedness at a time when warring factions in the Republican party threatened its disruption it was saved by selecting Gen. James A. Garfield as its candidate for the Presidency.

On the first ballot in that memorable convention at Chicago in 1880 the chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation announced its fifty-eight votes almost equally divided between Grant and Blaine, and "one vote for James A. Garfield". That "one vote" came from the delegate sent by the Luzerne-Lackawanna Congressional District, William Alexander Montgomery Grier of Hazleton, Luzerne County. At intervals joined by another delegate, but usually entirely alone, during that protracted battle of the ballots Mr. Grier persistently adhered to his choice. At last he had the rare emotion of witnessing State delegation after State delegation rallying to Garfield!

It was a wonderful instance of how the unflinching **steadfastness** of one man prevailed, and finally ranged behind **his standard** the nearly eight hundred of those contending **fellow delegates**.

76 St. James Place,
Brooklyn, Jan. 14, 1908.

Dear Mr. Stuart—I heartily thank you for the copy of "A Silver Gray's R. R. Reminiscences" just recd. and am pleased that altho' we have met only casually, and at infrequent intervals, for many years past, you did not forget me in the distribution.

It is a unique and very interesting little brochure which I have enjoyed reading and shall carefully preserve.

I was a commuter on the Long Island R. R., the scene of so many reminiscences, for several years in the early '80's, and it was at that time that I became acquainted with your father, not on the aforesaid R. R., for it was two to three decades earlier than he traveled it, but in the old building 63 Wall St. where he and you also, had our offices. As in our day a number of "fellows" journeyed to and fro on the same trains, friendships and enjoyable times resulted, so I can well imagine the similar pleasures enjoyed by those "old times". The leisurely pace at which in those days Long Island R. R. trains ran, compensated commuters for their shortness of time by giving them longer time for the cultivation of their friendships.

Your father and I exchanged salutations many times before he passed so suddenly out of this life. A few moments later, I was gazing on his silent face. A quarter of a century has flown since that day. On October, 1885, I retain the most vivid remembrance of his personality. He was indeed a handsome man, and of that word, not alone because of his fine features, but of his beautifully moulded lines of his face, the effect of which made a distinct impression was made of his

geniality, sincerity and mental vigor. Your reverence for his memory is charming. You can well felicitate yourself on such a parentage.

Yours very sincerely,

W. A. M. GRIER.

Inglis Stuart, Esq.,
New York.

163 Willis Ave. W.,
Detroit, Mich.,

August 31, 1906.

My Dear Inglis—It gave me very great happiness to receive a copy of the Genealogy of your family, and especially to read the biography of your father. I can never think of him without emotion. Such a grand, noble, dignified, yet kindly and benignant face and bearing! Power seemed to be the predominant characteristic. His head and shoulders were leonine, kingly. I was drawn toward him first by the attitude which he always assumed toward myself. I was but a youth when I first knew him, but he treated me as an equal and conversed with me as a companion on science, religion, philosophy and history until I was bewildered with his learning and his logic. He was most interesting in his conversations and I always loved to be with him. He has influenced my life and my thought. He paid me that most delicate of compliments, the putting of himself on my level and assuming that I was as learned as himself. In general society he took little pleasure. He loved to be in his home, his study, and with his books. He was a great character. I remember well his interest in Natural History. All great characters, he was very simple in his tastes and in his demeanor. He valued the true rather than the conventionalities of the so-called Society. Personally I owe much to him. When he learned that I had decided to go to college, knowing that my father's circumstances prevented him from helping me financially, your father, uncle, wrote me a confidential letter offering to lend me what money I needed for the four years' course, to be repaid yearly, beginning three or four years after my graduation. I was deeply touched by this evidence of interest and affection, and myself of his kindness during the last years of his life. Several years later when I had repaid the loan, he wrote me to keep the balance in the bank for the benefit of the education of my daughter, Margaret Sayres. I can never forget other things, incidents and memories, but I want to show you how much I loved your father. His name is named for him, and my one girl, Margaret, is named after your dear mother.

Affectionately yours,

WILLIAM S. SAYRES.

OCT 3 1921

Librarian

Lenox Library

5th Avenue + 70th St N.Y. City

Dear Sir:—

Permit me to donate (per separate
cover) a small volume of Essays by
the late Homer H. Stuart to which I have
appended a Memoir and trusting that it
will prove acceptable I remain

Respectfully yours

Homer H. Stuart

Box 833 Fishkill Landing, N.Y.

June 15th 1910

